California Historical Society Quarterly

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Vol. V, No. 3

September, 1926

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BREVE NOTICIA

QUE DA

AL SUPREMO GOBIERNO,

DEL ACTUAL ESTADO

DEL TERRITORIO DE LA ALTA CALIFORNIA,

Y MEDIOS QUE PROPONE

PARA LA ILUSTRACION Y COMERCIO EN AQUEL PAIS,

EL GUARDIAN DEL COLEGIO APOSTOLICO

DE SAN FERNANDO DE MEXICO.

AÑO DE 1833.

MEXICO:

IMPRENTA DE LA AGUILA,

dirigida por José Ximeno, calle de Medinas núm. 6.

1833.

VOL. V, No. 3 SEPTEMBER, 1926

California Historical Society Quarterly

GUZMAN'S "BREVE NOTICIA"

One of the treasures of the Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery is an eight page pamphlet by José Maria Guzman describing the Territory of Alta California in 1828. So rare is this little book that it has apparently escaped all notice by historians and bibliographers. Its importance lies in its character as an official report on the Mission districts at the time of secularization. It is significant that although the work was printed in 1833 the statistical information dates back five years previous to that. Naturally there had been a great change in the condition of the establishments in California during that short period. Significant as well are the recommendations made to have the Pious Fund expended on extra-Mission enterprises.

Guzman was the Guardian of the Apostolic College of San Fernando, in Mexico, during its decadent period. Many priests and other Mission officials passed through the College on their way to and from California and many California priests were trained there. Since it is not apparent that Guzman himself ever visited California it seems that much of his information must have come from the padres and their letters.

We are indebted to the Huntington Library for permission to print Guzman's "Breve Noticia," and to Mrs. Mary Ygnacia Roberson for the translation.

[Title]

Brief Note Given to the Supreme Government Concerning the Actual Condition of the Territory of Alta California and the Means Proposed for the Enlightenment and Commercial Development of That Country by the Guardian of the Apostolic College of San Fernando of Mexico. Year of 1833. Mexico: The Eagle Press, conducted by José Ximeno, No 6 Medina Street. 1833.

[Second Leaf]

Most Excellent Sir.

Obedient to the verbal request of Your Excellency, I place in your superior hands the note and a statement referring to the territory of Upper California; may these facts be of service to Your Excellency in directing your beneficences.

I have the honor of assuring Your Excellency of my respect and special esteem.

May God guard Your Excellency for many years. Apostolic College of San Fernando of Mexico, April 29, 1833.

Fr. José Maria Guzman,
Guardian.

Most Excellent Señor Vice-President
of the United States of the
Republic of Mexico

[*Verso*]

Our most excellent Vice-President has acquainted himself with the report transmitted by Your Reverence with your letter of the present date and with the statement accompanying it, which documents refer to the territory of Upper California; and His Excellency, fully appreciating the information contained in them and the means proposed by Your Reverence for the enlightenment and progress of that territory, asks me in reply to express his gracious thanks for your trouble.

GARCÍA.

God and liberty, Mexico, April 29, 1833.
M. R. P. Guardian of San Fernando.

[Pages Numbered Four to Eight]

Upper or New California, Most Excellent Sir, is the most fertile of the territories of North America and the best suited for cultivation. Its inhabitants today number thirty thousand souls, a fourth part of whom are intelligent and of some ability. Their live stock amounts to about five hundred thousand head, and they harvest more than fifty

thousand bushels of grain. Flax and hemp, vineyards [grapes], olives and all other products adapted to a cold climate have been observed and are seen to be raised in great abundance, in spite of the fact that these natives lack many things necessary for the improvement and advance of agriculture.

Although the sciences, unfortunately for the dwellers in California, are so unknown to them, the liberal arts are not entirely wanting, for notwithstanding the lack of fundamentals there are to be seen some articles of manufacture which enable even those who have dwelt in the most civilized towns to live in comfort.

In spite of the fact that the sciences and arts have been cultivated so little in this unfortunate but beautiful land of ours, I firmly believe that the time will come when it will compare most favorably with the more fortunate and pretentious of our towns, if our government will direct its benevolent gaze toward encouraging the education of the neophytes by sending to us a number of first class teachers of letters and by having brought here, at the same time, a number of youths of ability who, after they have received in our schools and colleges an education worthy of being disseminated by themselves, may within a short time bring about the complete prosperity of their kindred and countrymen.

This first and very important step having been taken in behalf of those living today in this new territory, it would be a great advantage if, in addition to encouraging the branches of agriculture, a portion of the Pious Fund might be set aside for the planting and cultivation of flax and hemp, for there is no doubt, judging by the abundance with which that soil produces them, that they would come to be the chief source of its riches and the principal object of its commerce.

It is an indisputable fact that maritime commerce has always been the prime motive which has produced the riches of the nations of the world. California should abound in articles that would attract the attention of foreigners; she should, moreover, count on a number of supply ships of her own; but much to the contrary she is reduced commercially to two branches, tallow and hides, articles which are little utilized by other nations. In like manner she has only two government vessels which scarcely provide her with the few necessary articles and

that only once a year; therefore the foreigner with his exportations and greater number of ships is appropriating the profit which the territory should gain from its crops.

Therefore, in order that government ships may be engaged in supplying California with articles from Mexico and in exporting hides and tallow, besides other products of the country, to the republics of Peru and Chile, it is necessary to divide the Missions into four departments, so that each one can maintain a brig at its own expense, the crew of which might in time be composed of its own neophytes.

To accomplish this, probably some of the departments will be confronted by the lack of capital, but that deficiency could be supplied from the Pious Fund, with the assurance of ample repayment through the good results obtained.

Another of the projects which should be promoted for the benefit of the territory is the development of the port of San Francisco. This port is capacious enough to allow the establishing in it of various docks, shipyards and repair yards; it is surrounded by timber suitable for ship-building and masts and spars, and into the bosom of its waters flow navigable rivers which facilitate innumerable enterprises.

If this great port were to be provided with shipbuilders, navy yards and sailors, supplied with canvas, tackle, blocks, pulleys, anchors and chains, the government could easily maintain in it its own plant, and private concerns would find at hand the necessary auxiliaries for their maritime enterprises. It may clearly be seen that under the present state of affairs the construction of vessels cannot be undertaken owing to the fact that it is not possible to surmount the conjunction of difficulties which at once present themselves.

The geographical situation of the port in question is the most advantageous for the commerce of Asia and America; the extent and quality of these lands make them best adapted to agriculture; the northern section enjoys a most delightful climate, but unfortunately only the savage, who gains nothing from them, possesses the richest lands of California. But if a considerable military establishment could be formed in the same locality as this great port, and an arsenal installed there, probably all of those savage people would soon join our nation; the republic would have a most enviable maritime base;

there would be a stimulus for the promotion of navigation on the part of private individuals; and finally, in this direction our boundary lines would be safeguarded, because there is no question whatever that those in the north [the Russians] need and want a safe port on this ocean, and there is not the slightest doubt that at the first political disturbance they will with impunity possess themselves of the safest and most beautiful port in the universe.

I believe it would be no less conducive to the prosperity and development of Upper California to make safe the Colorado River road, an enterprise which I consider simple if a military post could be established on each bank of the river mentioned and another at a point half way between the river and the port of San Diego. This connection with Sonora would bring it nearer to the capital of the republic, avoiding by these means the obstacles which the deserts of Lower California and the crossing of the Gulf of Cortés present, and in this way expediting the communication between the capital and the territory. Moreover, with this protection a vast territory would be opened up to commerce, increasing the trade which has in reality remained limited to this port through absolute necessity.

If one were able to make an estimate of the expense of the undertaking, the results would appear impracticable, for the cost of presidios, furnishings, armament and garrison would amount to an immense sum, enough to discourage the most favorable attitude that the government might entertain. But let us give this idea further consideration.

There are to be found in the territory, divided among what today are useless presidios, some four hundred or more soldiers. Allowing for civic companies in order to prevent external invasion, there still remain two hundred veterans to be divided among the four presidios. The remaining two hundred could be assigned to the two military posts that ought to be established between the western bank of the Colorado River and the port of San Diego, their location being determined so as to equalize the distances; for example, one post could be erected on the bank of the river and the other on the eastern slope of the mountain range.

In order to facilitate the building of these presidios all the Missions could help by each furnishing ten Indian laborers. As a result, with

these and a hundred soldiers in each post, within a reasonably short time the work could be completed, since all that is needed is the security necessary against an attack by the unchristianized natives.

The advantages that these posts would afford the territory would be tremendous, the most noteworthy being the direct communication, and that in a very short period of time, with the capital of the republic and with all of the interior, as has been pointed out before; the uniting of several wandering tribes to the Mexican nation; the making productive of the wildest section of the country, which may be irrigated by the waters of the Colorado River; the extending and stimulating of interior commerce; the encouraging of the enterprise of further navigation of the said river, and also, for a great distance, of the Gila; the opening up of a new branch of commerce through the trapping of beaver; the protection of this vast extent of territory for the enterprises of new colonists who may offer themselves; and incidentally the prevention of many thefts of cattle which the wild Indian tribes daily and stealthily transport to their various haunts along the river and lagoons for the purpose of devouring them, causing considerable mischief to the Missions and ranches.

Furthermore, the road from the Territory to the Colorado River having been made safe by this means, and the stretch from Cavorea [Caborca] to the eastern bank of the said river protected from the Sonora Indians, the road would be free, safe and passable for vehicles, and its beautiful plains would afford whatever comforts the traveler might desire.

Lastly, the port of San Diego is unsurpassable on account of its safety, and once communication is established with the interior a most alluring plan for speculation will present itself, particularly in the line of sardines, cod-fish and otter, which abound on these coasts but from the catching of which at the present time only foreigners who seek this enterprise derive a benefit.

I have given Your Excellency all the information which I have been able to secure, in compliance with your request. This information, with the report which I add relative to the year 1828, in connection with the many other pieces of information which you may acquire from other observant and keen individuals, may be of service

to Your Excellency in realizing and carrying out your benevolent intentions in favor of this splendid part of the great Anahuac*. In its aid and to cooperate with the intentions of Your Excellency I have brought here, in the company of one of our oldest missionaries, four youths born in New California and one in Lower California, who have a natural fitness for education and who may return some day to their country and be the seed which planted in fecund soil will give impetus to the cultivation of the arts and sciences, and of the moral virtues no less than of the civil, thus leading to the conquest of the heathen natives and their submission to the laws and the duly constituted authorities.

I am, Your Excellency, your most devoted servant and obedient chaplain who kisses your hands.

Apostolic College of San Fernando of Mexico, April 29, 1833.

Fray José Maria Guzman.
Guardian.

[Table follows]

*Anáhuac, an indefinite term referring originally to the central Mexican plateau and the region to the north, sometimes including the Rocky Mountain provinces and more rarely, California, — *Ed.*

[What follows is on a large folding sheet]

REPORT

showing the population of the presidios, pueblos and Missions of the Territory of New California, with a statement of the quantity of domestic animals and harvested grain in the year 1828.

Population	Latitude	People of all Ages					Larger Domestic Animals				Smaller Domestic Animals			Bushels Harvested				
	Deg.	Min.	Men	Women	Boys	Girls	Total	Cattle	Horses	Mules	Donkeys	Sheep	Goats	Swine	Wheat	Corn	Barley	Chick-Peas	Total Fanegas

ESTADO

que manifiesta la poblacion de los presidios, pueblos y misiones del Territorio de la Nueva California, con espresion del número de ganados y semillas cosechadas en el año de 1828.

POBLACIONES.	ALTURA DE POLO.		GENTES DE TODA EDAD.					GANADO MAYOR.				GANADO MENOR.			FANEGAS COSECHADAS.					
JURISDICCION DE SAN FRANCISCO.	Grados.	Minutos.	Hombres.	Mugeres.	Niños.	Niñas.	Total.	Vacuno.	Caballar	Mular.	Burral.	De lana	De pelo.	De cerda	Trigo.	Maiz.	Frijol.	Cebada.	Garbanzos y otras	Total fanegas
Presidio de S. Francisco	37.	58.	124.	085.	089.	73.	371.	5.610.	470.	40.	.....	.....	.....	.....	233.	70.	40	.....	.....	343.
Pueblo de S. Jose de Guadalupe	37.	20.	166.	145.	103.	110.	524.	4.113	2.386	134	.....	.....	.....	.....	1,657.	1 560.	191	.....	.....	3.408.
Mision de S. Francisco Solano	38.	00.	285.	242.	088.	090.	705.	1.400.	525	006	.....	4.000.	.....	060	514.	025	002.	208.	021.	770
Id. S. Rafael	38	00.	406.	410.	105.	106.	1.027.	873.	383	002.	.....	2.957.	.....	015.	333.	005.	034	274.	012.	658.
Id. S. Francisco	37.	58.	146.	065.	013.	013.	236.	4.332.	900	017.	.....	4.023.	.....	....	505.	060.	010	230.	032.	837.
Id. Sta. Clara	37.	20.	752.	491.	068.	060.	1.371.	14.500.	850.	057.	.....	15.500.	.....	045	3.500	550	115	500.	293.	4.958.
Id. S. José	37.	30.	823.	659.	100.	145.	1.767.	15 000.	1 000.	040	.....	15.000	.....	030	1.700.	400	070.	030.	037.	1.496.
Id. Sta. Cruz	37.	00.	222.	094.	030.	020.	366.	3.700.	900.	080.	.....	5.500.	.....	.....	463.	633.	100.	027.	005.	1.278.
JURISDICCION DE MONTEREY.																				
Presidio de Monterey	36.	44.	311.	190.	110.	097.	708.	5.041.	3.310.	070	.....	.....	.....	.....	490.	332.	131.	.....	.....	953.
Villa de Branciforte	37.	00.	052.	034.	027.	017.	130.	1.000	1.000.	003	.....	.....	.....	.....	103.	160.	080	.....	.....	343.
Mision de S. Juan Bautista	36.	58.	480.	351.	085	071.	987.	6.000.	737.	018.	001.	11.871.	.....	051.	439.	090.	009	100.	002.	640.
Id. S. Carlos	36.	44.	102.	079.	031.	021.	236.	1.200.	640.	014	.....	4.450.	.....	007.	400.	.....	128.	475.	275.	1.278.
Id. Ntra. Sra. de la Soledad	36	38.	210.	081.	023.	020.	334	4.000	802.	055.	001.	7.000.	.....	070.	1.171.	200.	034.	345.	062	1 812.
Id. S. Antonio	36.	30.	394.	209.	051.	017.	711.	8.000.	920.	048	002.	11.000.	060.	090.	1.002.	114.	042.	030.	018.	1.236.
Id. S. Miguel	35.	48.	342.	292.	046.	061.	748.	4.393.	1.555	130	028.	8.223.	.....	057.	771.	300.	040.	361.	024.	1.496.
Id. S. Luis Obispo	35.	36.	211.	103.	008.	007.	329.	6.000.	1.000.	200.	050.	2.000.	.....	050.	230.	000.	046.	.....	.....	336.
JURISDICCION DE SANTA BARBARA.																				
Presidio de Sta. Barbara	34.	10,	167.	120.	162.	161.	613.	7.900.	1.300	220.	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	300.	090.	.....	.....	390.
Mision de la Purisima	35.	00.	151.	218.	047.	031.	450.	10.200.	1 000.	150.	004	9.000.	030.	100.	1.000.	200.	082.	058.	035.	1.375.
Id. Sta. Inés	34.	52.	142.	136.	082.	096.	456.	7.000.	300.	100.	.....	3.000.	.....	060.	1.200.	140.	030.	.....	.....	1.370.
Id. Sta. Barbara	34.	40.	374.	267.	051.	070.	762.	2.850.	700.	200	002.	3.600.	050.	100.	800.	080.	040	300.	003.	1.213.
Id. S. Buenaventura	34.	36.	383.	283.	066	059.	791.	6.000	300.	070	.....	4 000.	150.	160.	1.000.	1.800.	150.	1.000.	.....	3.950.
Id. S. Fernando	34.	16.	249.	226.	177.	181.	833.	8.000.	1.200	090.	003.	7.500	....	150.	700.	200.	040.	.....	005.	945.
Pueblo de la Reina de los Angeles	34.	10.	552.	421.	213.	202.	1.388.	38.624.	5.208	520.	.....	.....	.....	.....	138	1.758.	179.	.....	.....	2.075
JURISDICCION DE SAN DIEGO.																				
Presidio de S. Diego	32.	48.	295.	109.	115.	089.	608.	608.	625	150.	058.	.....	.....	.....	140.	125.	005.	.....	.....	270.
Mision de S. Gabriel	34.	10.	574.	472.	171.	171.	1.388.	24.300.	2.035.	135.	004.	13.500.	050.	125.	2.200.	1.100.	085.	124.	048.	3.557.
Id. S. Juan Capistrano	33.	26.	464.	316	069.	070.	949.	9.600.	302	028	005.	5 600	052	063.	600	700	090.	.....	033.	1.423.
Id. S. Luis Rey	33.	03.	1.138.	984.	328.	288.	2.738.	25.754.	1.226	345.	005.	28.913	1.232	295.	2.235.	4.356.	600.	2 500.	028.	9 719.
Id. S. Diego	32.	48.	750.	520.	162.	146.	1.578.	8.136.	1.063	154.	014.	16.566.	320	.....	2.120	342.	125.	1.800.	.....	4.387
Totales	.....	.....	10.312.	7.632.	2.623.	2.538.	23.105.	235.081.	33.252	2.964.	177.	183.203.	1.911.	1 528.	25.044.	15.710.	2.578.	8.362.	963.	53.257

México 29 de Abril de 1833.

Fr. José Maria Guzman.

Guardian.

A section of Bancroft's *Map of California*, 1868, showing the Trinity, Klamath and Shasta mines, eighteen years after De Massey's visit.

Courtesy of the Bancroft Library

A FRENCHMAN IN THE GOLD RUSH

(Translated from the Journal of Ernest de Massey)*

PART V
[Continued]

[In the Trinity Mines]

We had left Trinity [Trinidad] Bay on April twenty-fifth [1850] with sixty-five men in our party. Sixty of this number had been scattered or lost along the trail, and had been exposed to hunger, thirst, and weariness. Several had disappeared and we had heard nothing from them. The Franco-American party that had caught up with us on the main route had not come across any of them though they were three days behind us.

Pidaucet and I had reached the end of our journey not only at the cost of infinite misery, energy, and perseverance but also by the will of Providence which had led me to the right trail just when I was getting more hopelessly lost than ever.

The placer of Big Bar on the Trinity is situated on the left [south] bank of the Trinity River. It is built on a narrow plateau about fifty meters back from the bank. Just below it extends an alluvial shelf smaller and lower than the first. There the miners have staked out their claims. First arrivals have the right to stake out a space two meters in width and of indefinite length.

The camp itself consists of thirty or forty tents and shacks. There is a general merchandise store here as well as a butcher who kills an animal whenever he can get one. Flour sells for one and a half piasters, rice for the same figure, bacon for two piasters, half-dried meat for fifty cents a pound of fourteen ounces—weighed on unreliable scales. A bottle of brandy is worth seven piasters and ordinary wine brings four piasters. A pair of shoes, worth over in France about six francs, costs twelve piasters.

After our many days of fasting we felt the need of a good substantial meal. For lunch I had rice with bacon, meat, and pancakes instead of bread. To drink we had a mint concoction without sugar in it.

My first year of experiences is now about over. But the end of

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* Previous installments of De Massey's Journal have been printed in the March and June numbers of this *Quarterly*. The translation is by Marguerite Eyer Wilbur.

our troubles is not yet in sight. You can readily understand what an unsatisfactory year this has been for me. All the time we were lost in the depths of the virgin forests without help of any kind, and exhausted after three weeks or more of steady walking, reconnoitering and enduring every kind of privation, Cousin Veron was loafing at Trinidad, sleeping in a tent on a good mattress, and living off the fat of the land, without giving a thought to his friends. The idea never occurred to him of joining Grand-Perret's party and coming out to join us with some food and and supplies which would have been a life-saver for us now and would have made it possible for us to have conserved our meager capital of a paltry thousand francs. This amount is all we have left and, owing to the high cost of everything, it will not last long.

But I have no right to blame him if he lacks courage and initiative; these qualities are not in him. Moreover I knew perfectly well when I left him alone at Trinidad with only himself to rely on that his interests as well as ours would suffer—a thing he is not aware of.

I am jotting down these reflections at ten in the evening. Contented in body if not in spirit I am about to roll up in my blankets under a tree beside Pidaucet who is already dreaming of paradise. By resting and sleeping I shall try to collect fresh strength to begin the life of a miner, for this is what is in store for me.

On Wednesday, May twenty-second, [1850], I started off along the river to try to find out how these gold-diggers extract the precious metal from the sands. After dinner I ordered Pidaucet to erect a shelter large enough to house three persons, to build a crude oven of stones and mud outside for cooking purposes, and to cut down a tree for making a rocker. A rocker is an object formed something like a cradle and commonly used for washing the earth and auriferous sands. In France this same thing would bring about ten francs, but out here it sells for five hundred.

Slinging my gun over my shoulder I went down the river for a league and a half, stopping at all the shacks, keeping my eyes open, and asking questions wherever I could make myself understood. Two miles up the right bank, after crossing the river on a tree-trunk that had been thrown over, I came to a second group of placers. This was called Long Bar of the Trinity River.

Long Bar is well situated, and adequately sheltered, being on low ground which forms a little plain a short distance from where the river describes a half-moon for a distance of five or six hectometers [?]. Some wooded slopes and the river form its boundaries. The site, however, does not seem to be safe from the winter floods. The stores here

carry a better line of goods and are more pretentious than those at Big Bar. Miners working there and in the neighboring placers come over and lay in provisions here every Sunday.

After leaving the camp the river forks. Following the right branch for about two miles I found both banks were staked out and being worked. Gold is found in nuggets in the crevices of rocks and in shallow soil close by. The miner washes the gravel in a large pan of beaten iron; each panning is called a beating. A good miner can make one hundred beatings in a day. Of this number possibly three-quarters yield nothing, or practically nothing. At other times the gold runs from twenty-five cents to twenty-five dollars, or better.

It is this constant element of chance that keeps enthusiasm and interest at high pitch, sustains morale, and enhances the endurance. Beyond this it is a hard life. However, it is one that fascinates and appeals to men of strong and independent character.

On this tour of inspection I stopped to chat with one miner who had just taken out a pile of gravel, and was examining it. Looking at it closely I discovered a bit of dull yellow about the size of a small hazelnut. Taking it out I handed it to him. It proved to be a nugget—the first I had seen at the placers. I asked him to sell it to me. Its intrinsic value was eight francs, but he wanted ten for it. I accepted his offer, however, and I am going to send it to you in France at the first opportunity. I am hoping to find many more which will be even larger.

Since the day was nearly over I retraced my steps and returned to Big Bar. I am now fully resigned to my miner's lot—which is far from being sybaritical. During the day Pidaucet had put up a shack. This is preferable to a tent which is apt to be hot. But in trying to cut down a tree to use in building our rocker, he broke the hatchet. This has been an unlucky day for us!

An American workman can do almost anything with a hatchet, but a Frenchman handles it clumsily and in addition has to have a saw, chisel and shovel; otherwise he can do nothing. These were the objections raised by Pidaucet when I suggested he use this simple tool at the placers in making rockers.

Not knowing when this primitive method will be replaced by some more efficient means of gold-extraction I am going to give you a concise description of this rocker, even though it is of no value to you.

The rocker, in French *La Berceuse,* is formed like a cradle to which has been added a handle. It is operated by hand with a rocking movement. Usually it is made of boards. When these are not available a tree-trunk split in half is used. This half is then hollowed out, open-

ings being made in the lower part to carry off the water. It is then equipped with a sieve of fine iron mesh, or wrought iron, with holes in it.

This, which is attached to a movable square frame, is designed to receive the earth, sand, or auriferous gravel. The bottom of the rocker is next filled with boards three or four centimeters high and one-quarter of a centimeter apart to catch all the flakes of gold which, being heavier, fall to the bottom when freed from the gravel as the water flows off.

After the rocker has been made it is placed wherever it is most convenient on the bank of the river and is then ready to be operated. To handle it three strong, energetic and able-bodied men are needed; one to shovel the earth, another to carry and transport it in pails for a long or short distance (an always laborious task because of the steep embankment and loose boulders) and deposit it in the rocker, and a third to pour water constantly from an iron pan through the rocker with one hand while keeping it moving with the other. In a short time the refuse earth passes off into the river. The sieve is then removed, and the pebbles extracted. This operation is repeated from sunrise to sundown, with a rest of two hours at noontime. To avoid monotony the three partners change places and in the same day each one takes his turn as shoveler, carrier and cradle-rocker.

When work is over for the day, two men prepare supper while the third gathers and sorts what residue has collected, which is held in by the boards in the bottom of the cradle. This takes about twenty minutes. An average day at Big Bar will net about ten dollars a man. This would mean about three hundred buckets of earth washed — some thirty-five hundred liters. A few claims run considerably higher, so I have heard, but miners as a class are uncommunicative and do not tell how much they take out. Often the luckiest complain the loudest.

Gold is found only in a coarse powder which contains a certain amount of iron in the form of a black sand. This is easily separated with a magnet. While these details may not seem necessary yet they are obligatory to an understanding of the life I am about to enter, hoping to clear my conscience of my own sins and those of others.

The vegetation in the high altitudes where the placers are located is not so abundant as that we found in the country we came through in getting here. The soil itself does not seem very fertile. The mountains, which are on the right shore of the Trinity and face the camp at Big Bar, are steep and covered with brush, hazelnut trees, and a bush that bears a fruit much like the hawthorn. Interspersed with these are conifers and scraggly live-oaks.

On the banks of the river grows a wild vine which drops its leaves, so I am told, in autumn. It bears a small grape, disagreeable to taste, containing a small amount of sour juice. I am strongly of the opinion that this bush is indigenous to California. Among plants the madia-sativa is very common. Parsley also grows abundantly everywhere. Fruit trees such as we have in France are not found in California. I merely mention this to give you some idea of the natural setting of this part of the country where we are about to stage our little drama.

We expect to sleep in our own shack to-night. Having had no shelter but the stars for more than a month now, there is a certain amount of satisfaction in having a roof, primitive as it is, over our heads. Unfortunately reptiles and insects have not yet abdicated, so we have to be philosophical and let them make themselves at home anywhere.

On May twenty-third I found a rocker for rent. We have staked out a claim but there are few desirable ones available. For our initial venture after eight hours' work we took in twelve dollars altogether. Of that eight dollars went to Pidaucet and me. Figuring our food at seven dollars, we had only cleared a dollar profit. This is not encouraging, but we must credit it to experience. After a modest supper, hoping for better days to come, we went to sleep as soon as it was dark, on the bare ground.

On May twenty-fourth we were unable to find a rocker for rent, so we had to lay off. We spent the day taking much-needed baths, mending our clothes, washing them, making enough biscuits to last several days, and finally taking a little rest which I felt the need of, for, in the past fifteen days, I have been walking constantly, under the most trying conditions.

If Pidaucet could only fish! The river is full of trout and salmon although we have not seen or heard of any game around here. But I do not think he knows how to handle a rod and I am powerless to persuade him to try it. Still it is unfortunate to have no fish to sell for we might earn even more than by digging up the river.

On May twenty-fifth, being still without the needed equipment, I decided to clear off our claim for some three meters and prepare the sand for the day when I could possess a rocker—this expensive and rare object. If our work were profitable and we had what we needed the situation would prove tolerable. But we are always hungry. If we did not check our appetites I believe we would be eating all the time.

When we got in here we were so emaciated that we looked like walking skeletons and each of us had about reached the limit of endurance. Skins tanned, features drawn, beards uncut, feet almost

bare, clothes in tatters, hats hardly recognizable, we looked more like rascals in disguise, or famished brigands, than honest and respectable citizens. Even to-day we look very little better. But here where we are now, brute strength and luck count for more than education, clothes, or good looks.

Moral standards are missing. The merchant follows his own lax instincts unhindered; he sells his merchandise not for dollars which have a fixed and recognized value, but by taking in payment gold-dust. Dust which is actually worth from eighty to eighty-five francs is taken at a valuation of from seventy-five to eighty francs. Thus he makes a profit of at least five francs on the weight alone. The miner has no recourse but to accept it or lose a day's time in going to Long Bar, the only camp where there is any competition. But this is merely typical of the way man exploits man in all countries, civilized or uncivilized.

To-day, May twenty-sixth, being Sunday and a day of rest, the American Protestants are holding religious services. The rest of us who are skeptics, free thinkers, and atheists are also glad of the chance to rest one day in seven. Everyone is putting in the day to suit his own particular fancy. Some are reading the Bible, others are laying in supplies for the following week, several have gone out hunting, and the more ambitious are out prospecting.

The word "to prospect" which I am using here for the first time requires explanation. It denotes the act of going out to locate new auriferous beds richer than those being worked at the moment. There are both small and large prospects. The former term is used to describe the kind made on Sundays when the prospector, taking just enough food for the day, goes up and down the river carrying his pick-axe and iron pan, taking samples wherever he thinks gold might be present. Sometimes the results are excellent, but more often than not it is merely time wasted. Large prospects are usually undertaken by a party and, as a general thing, last a week or longer.

On Monday, May twenty-seventh, as our rocker was not ready we began the week by getting the sands ready to work. Pidaucet, who is proud of his physical strength and experience in manual labor, came over to give me an elementary lesson in how to use my pick and shovel. While I was watching him demonstrate his theory my professor hurt his wrist, making it impossible for him to continue.

Pidaucet is very unlucky. Only six days ago he broke my hatchet —the only useful tool I had for chopping—and put it out of commission for the time being. And now, just when he might be extremely useful—in the past he has been nothing but a parasite—he is incapacitated. I was at a loss to know what to do under these circumstances

as it was impossible to work alone without a rocker and there was no way of getting one here at the placers. Neither was I financially able to afford to sit around and lose time waiting. Our little savings have already diminished considerably in the last few days and soon will be gone. So, cost what it may, I am going to put my pride in my pocket, make the break, and hire myself out to a group of miners at the rate of four dollars a day, and food. In this way I shall be saving capital and learning how to prospect for gold at the same time—a thing I know nothing about at the present writing.

None the less I must confess it is not easy for me to sacrifice my freedom in the interests of men whom I do not know and, who, while they may be honest, on the other hand, might be brigands, or ex-convicts, Moreover, I have never worked for anyone else before, in fact ever since I have been twenty-one I have always had workmen under me. So, in a year, you see I have descended all the rungs of the social ladder which I am now trying to climb up again.

You will be interested to know that the party we left behind us had an even more tragic experience than we did. Its members suffered for a longer period, many being scattered and lost in the forest. Several gave up and went back to Trinidad. Others attempted to cross a river on a raft which capsized. Everything was lost—food, tools, and baggage.

Others who started out to climb almost impregnable peaks with the hope of getting their bearings have not returned and nothing has been heard of them. And yet no one thinks of going out to help them!

Quite a few have been abandoned and left for dead on the roadside by their companions who barely managed to keep alive on herbs, lizards, and snakes — anything in fact they could find. Even the dog they had with them died. The ones who took along a large supply of provisions and were on horseback—believing this was the wise thing to do—have had nothing to eat for a long time, and are as famished as the rest.

Every day or so, two or three survivors of this ill-fated expedition straggle in. Buoyant, optimistic, and led by experienced guides, when they started out, they made the rest who were hurrying on ahead to reach their destination as fast as possible, with their heavy packs on their backs, look pitiful. But now they too are in bad shape. They come limping in and are so bruised and weary they can scarcely walk, while their clothes are in tatters.

Almost everyone is out of funds and there is no choice but to go to work as day laborers. Even so, for the time being, their strength is so far gone that they are unfit for manual labor. Unable to find work,

many of them, after resting a day and being somewhat revived by the food generously offered them, have gone on up the river in preference to spending their last remaining funds at this camp.

On the twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth, I worked until evening in the interest of my two Irish bosses, but their claim is not a rich one, and I believe that in these three days they will just about break even, counting the food they have supplied me in the capacity of hired man at the rate of three dollars a day.

The work has been extremely irksome. I had to fill, carry, and empty three hundred buckets of sand. I made one hundred and fifty trips up and down a path as hard to descend as it was to climb — a distance of some seven kilometers in all—carrying a weight of fifteen kilograms in each hand. All this was under a broiling sun! In addition we were badly treated, badly fed, and poorly housed at night.

Such a life is somewhat strenuous for anyone not accustomed to it. Naturally I was not sorry when my lords and masters told me, on the evening of the third day, that they would have to dispense with my services, for I am afraid I could not have held out much longer. Then, too, I had not been able to please my employers and they were tired of me.

On May thirtieth, as I was taking an enforced rest with Pidaucet who has not yet been able to work, a group of three Americans offered me a job with them. I accepted, for there will be ample time to loaf when work is not available.

These Yankees out here are boorish in the extreme. They have a sinister look and are absolutely uncommunicative. Hard workers, themselves, they believe in making those under them labor. Also, they are very strong physically. I cannot say where they hail from; in all events not from a civilized part of the country. It is from this population out here that squatters and filibusters might be recruited. When my day was over I was paid off, and I was glad to see the last of them.

So ended my thirty-eighth year. This same anniversary I celebrated a year ago on board the *Cérès* in the mid-Atlantic off Lisbon. At that time I was gay, full of enthusiasm, and cheerful over the future. The day was made memorable by meeting an English brig, the *Caroline,* of Sunderland, which had run out of food and water. Her food almost gone, she had come over to us for assistance. Anyone who is superstitious might have deduced, from this incident, trouble ahead for us. Skeptics like myself, who mock at prophets and events, are now being punished for our levity.

Those, however, who predict calamities and misfortunes nearly always find them and few in this world are completely happy. Such

are my thoughts as I am about to begin—on June first, 1850—my thirty-ninth birthday. If my luck gets any worse I shall be dead, or insane by the time I am forty. I had not counted on any such bad luck as this when, in 1849, I set sail from Hâvre.

A miner called Fredet, whose brother runs a carriage-works on the Champs-Elysées in Paris, got into Big Bar to-day. As he had no tools and very little money he offered to help Pidaucet build a rocker and to go into partnership with us. It is imperative for us to start some kind of work as Veron has not arrived yet—there is nothing to stop him from joining us eventually—so I told him he could work with us on our claim as soon as the rocker was ready, with the understanding that a place was to be made for Veron when he gets here. This being mutually agreeable, we set to work. Pidaucet is just beginning to get some use out of his sprained wrist, and although the rockers have gone down fifty per cent. in value they still sell for fifty dollars; even so it is cheaper to build than to buy one.

Monday, June third. At last we are at work! We have taken out an ounce of gold-dust between us, netting us five dollars and a half apiece for our work. While this is not a large sum yet we are our own masters and this is just the beginning. He have high hopes of making much more.

On Tuesday, June fourth, we had just begun work when, around noontime, an individual who called himself a tax-collector came in and, in the name of the law, demanded from each miner the sum of twenty dollars to be paid once a month. You can readily imagine no one wanted to pay it. Had he been able to collect I doubt if the State of California would have been the richer. All the money received without any control or check would never have reached its destination. The American administration even though it is quite business-like and carefully supervised, is not entirely free from cupidity, greed, and disloyalty on the part of both of the underlings and chiefs who look after them.

Nevertheless, this visit from the tax-collector gave certain jealous and ill-tempered Americans a pretext for picking a quarrel with new miners—and our neighbors have lopped off part of the claim we are working. These bold citizens, who refused to pay the tax, were angry with us for also refusing.

Veron came in on Wednesday, June fifth, with a party. Among them were several miners whom we had lost on our trip out. As Veron had experienced some discomforts and had been deprived, during his trip of eight days, of many of the comforts he had had at Trinidad in the restful month he spent there since our departure, he felt he

ought to air his grievances about the trip and the hard labor ahead of him here at the placers.

His pride wounded, his character embittered, and his conceit hurt, instead of blaming his own stupidity, carelessness, and negligence, he blamed me as the cause of all his misfortunes, past, present, and future. While he had never shown this side of his character to me, yet his travelling companions, who got it at first hand, told me all about it.

When he first started out to join us at the placers, relying on his physical strength rather than on his endurance, he took on a load weighing forty kilograms. After a day's hard marching he was so exhausted that the day after he lost his head completely and threw his entire load into a ravine, returning to Trinidad without it.

Then he made up a lighter package consisting of sugar, chocolate, tea, tools, ammunition, and a gun, but he forgot to put in any real provisions. Leaving our tent in care of Mr. Villeneuve whose partner, Mr. Mulnaer, a Belgian who had some mules, was making up a party to go out with him, Veron finally left for good. Anyone else, in leaving a tent and its contents to a neighbor whom he knew only casually from having met on board the *Hector,* would have taken inventory of what he was leaving behind him. But not Veron! The idea never occurred to him.

On the trip, as he had nothing to eat but tea, sugar, and chocolate, he bought some provisions from Mulnaer without making a bargain. The result was that after he reached the placers he had trouble over the price. I paid what Veron said was justly due him, but the creditor was not satisfied. It was a simple matter for him to charge whatever he desired as his partner was holding what we had left behind.

In face of all this Veron said nothing about these arrangements while Mulnaer remained at Big Bar. But after he had left for Trinidad I heard through other channels what had happened. Finally I got the whole story out of him.

For three weeks now we have been working from twelve to thirteen hours a day and resting only on Sundays. Our most productive day netted us twelve dollars apiece, but most of the time we have taken out only five, six, seven, or eight dollars. When the day has been poor and Pidaucet's laziness and Veron's foolishness and complaints are worse than ever, then all my patience and philosophy are needed to endure it. If I had not had strong bonds of kinship with my cousin it would have been far easier for us to have separated long ago and for each one to have gone his own separate way, stood on his own feet, and made the best of it.

Life here may not be all a bed of roses, but we have just learned

that a fire has destroyed most of San Francisco and that the majority of the merchants in the city have been ruined. We have had no details as yet. If De Gaulne has been wiped out I am in grave danger of losing the four hundred dollars placed on deposit with his firm. The goods we have coming out are also placed in jeopardy—a consoling prospect to look forward to and divert us from our present trials and tribulations.

We have also heard that at Camp Murphy, in the mines south of here, the French to the number of five or six hundred and the Americans, some twelve or fifteen hundred, have had trouble, declared war, and as the result of some disagreement are fighting. We understand that the conflict threatened to assume the proportions of a civil war until the Governor of California and the French consul, Mr. Dillon, stepped in and curbed the disorder. The bitter feeling, however, still runs high.

Despite the fact that we have not heard how the trouble started, anyone who knows the quick temper, pride, and aggressiveness of the two nationalities as reflected in these particular individuals can without injustice readily imagine that both sides must have been equally guilty. This is what made the attempt at reconciliation progress so smoothly.

We hear numerous rumors about robberies perpetrated by Indians in the North as well as the South, of bloody reprisals on one side and another, and of miners killed or wounded. But the incident that made by far the deepest impression on the men along the Trinity River concerns what happened to some Canadians who are camping about twenty-five kilometers down below Big Bar. These men were the heroes of the day, the victims being their Indian neighbors.

This may have been what the two Indians whom I met on May fourth not far from our camp on the prairie were trying to tell me about, and it explains the way they acted when they thought we were going out to swell the number of their enemy.

These particular Frenchmen I have reference to were trappers by profession and, in consequence, nomads. They had come down a short time ago from Oregon. Last year while hunting in Oregon they heard of the gold discovery in California. On their way to California they prospected all the rivers and finally found the long-sought gold on the Trinity.[26] In 1850 they located here near the river. They have exploited and washed all the sands nearby, and have taken out fabulous amounts of gold-dust.

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[26] See, this *Quarterly*, vol. V, p. 146, footnote.

But like anyone unaccustomed to the luxuries of life they longed to enjoy their wealth at any cost. And so they squandered it on whatever would add to their comfort and enjoyment. Having horses they think nothing of travelling one hundred leagues to purchase supplies and luxuries. In 1849 they combed the placers of Big Bar and Long Bar then moved on down the river. Now they are located near Trinidad Bay where supplies can be procured more easily. There they spend their winters.

Their camp is made up of some twenty-five men and about the same number of women and children. I do not know what laws or religion they have adopted and, though there are no priests, judges, or lawyers among them, yet they all live harmoniously in one small community. And here they are born, married, and buried without benefit of clergy or the law so necessary as a rule to civilized communities. While I fail to understand it, yet such are the facts.

In all countries not under legal regulations the head of the family is absolute master of all his own goods and chattels and, among nomadic tribes, the word of the leader is law.

These Frenchmen are skilful in hunting beaver, marten, and fox, as well as larger game. Having stripped Canada, Oregon, and Northern California of this form of wealth they are now looking for some more remunerative occupation. This group, or their agents, have already scoured the country in the immediate vicinity. Beavers are rarely seen any more on the banks of the Trinity though formerly whole colonies of these mammiferous rodents were found in this locality. On my trips I have found traps especially built for them. To-day, hunted as they are, they are found only in isolated places and a Canadian considers it a rare bit of luck when he catches one. These trappers dislike the English because they are in control of Canada; they detest the Americans because they are Protestants; they abhor the Indians for being robbers. The French alone meet with their approval.

At present these French trappers are only encountered in isolated localities. Yet they are brave, energetic, loyal, and highly respected, despite their small numbers. I do not know what their religious beliefs, if they have any, are. More than likely they have none at all in view of the way they are born, marry, and die, like so many flies.

To live naturally and simply satisfies all the demands of their natures. When everything is said and done they like the simple life and would not live otherwise. Nomads as they are and habituated to living in lonely forests and remote from all evidences of civilization if they have evolved a religion and creed to suit their needs it would

be based on Catholicism. However, it would be a Catholicism of a practical nature, radical, and free of conventions and restrictions.

Unlike the Yankees they have no prejudices against caste or colour, and will marry the first woman they meet whom they fancy, making her their companion, slave, and beast of burden. These women, who are usually Indians from Canada, Oregon, or California, are referred to as their "Savages." Children born of such unions are called "Our Savages."

The presence of such rich placers in this country was not suspected until the end of last autumn when, in an effort to conceal this information, the trappers decided to winter on the river. To lay in enough supplies to make them comfortable during the winter season they sent men and mules to several villages, some going to The Springs [site of the town of Shasta] and others to Trinidad City.

Observing that their saddle-bags were full of gold-dust and nuggets and that they were very liberal in paying for what they purchased, interest was aroused and it was believed that a new El Dorado had been located. This led to a mad rush for these new placers, a rush that was destined to lead to disappointment. The Canadians, flushed with success, bought everything in sight and owing to the exorbitant prices asked they soon found they had spent most of their wealth when winter was over. This forced them to go to work again in the spring. This time, however, conditions were much less favorable for quick results, competition being heavy.

Such was their status after wintering at Canadian Camp. About this time some greedy Indians living near them stole several of their mules and horses and they immediately voted to send out a punitive expedition against these robbers. This, by the way, was led by the younger Canadians who have Indian blood in them.

Starting out heavily armed as Canadian trappers always are, they reached the outskirts of the village under suspicion, before daybreak, surrounded it, and set the huts on fire. Then, hiding in the underbrush, they shot the Indians as they ran from the flaming huts. The women and children alone were spared and managed to escape.

When a count was made fourteen victims were found lying on the ground. These heavy losses are characteristic of uncivilized countries where five men on foot equal one man on horseback in skirmishes. This nocturnal combat ended without endangering any of their own members. All the same it was a cruel retaliation and one which reflected little glory on the victors. Exultant over their victory the executioners returned to camp and celebrated by heavy drinking.

This is typical of the tales we hear around here. Add to this the

wanton destruction of one of their villages about a day's march beyond Trinidad, to which I have already referred, and you may readily see that any antipathy existing between the white men and the natives is largely provoked by the rapacity of the latter and the pride and the revengeful natures of the former.

Falling in with some discouraged miners who were returning to Trinidad, I took advantage of the opportunity to send a letter to Oscar de Gaulne in San Francisco—my agent there—telling him all about our trip out, our straitened circumstances, and the uncertainty of making a living at the placers. I also requested him to forward this letter, dated June 23, 1850, on to France, to watch for the arrival of our merchandise, and to expect us back only when we had given up all hope of succeeding at the placers. At the same time I sent a note to Villeneuve at Trinidad, asking him to send out at his earliest convenience the provisions and personal belongings we had left behind in our tent in his care.

The San Francisco papers have run full accounts of the tragic journey of our train up to the Trinity giving such heartrending details that thoughtful and generous hearts would undoubtedly have been touched if the fire had not happened almost simultaneously and given them problems and troubles of their own to face.[27]

Toward the end of June, as our claim was no longer producing and Pidaucet—a man destined to fail us both in body and spirit—had developed whitlow and was no longer working for us, we had no choice but to go out prospecting, that is, to start out and look for new gold-diggings where the dust is more abundant than on our present claim.

Having agreed to this plan we decided first to visit the camp of the Canadians on down the river, prospecting, from time to time, as we walked. This colony is about thirty miles [?] away on the opposite bank of the river.

So we started off, packs on our backs and loaded down with equipment and provisions. Though we made several sample washings on the way yet we found the yield to be exactly what it was at Big Bar, If any richer claims exist they must be held by miners who are working them and who have replaced the rocker by the long-tom, a better and faster machine.

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[27] The letters referred to have not been found.

San Francisco papers of April to August, 1850, carry current reports of the Trinity and Klamath excitements. See, *Pacific News,* April 26 (Events at Trinidad); May 16 (Trinidad); May 20 (Discovery of the Mouth of the Klamath and Events at Trinidad); May 22 (Herman Ehrenberg's diary written during his exploration of Klamath River); May 23 (Founding of Klamath City); May 27 (Foreign miners object to Tax); August 22 (Events at the Trinity Mines).

Certain sections had already been staked off by the miners who were busy working them, having even turned the river from its course to pan the river bottom. To do this, however, requires both strength and capital. Yet a few have had exceptional luck. Among them is the Marquis de Franclieu, an ex-Algerian colonel who came out and staked off a claim two miles below Big Bar. With him came two passengers from the *Cérès,* a rosary, and a charm. By using a compass they crossed safely through the forests beyond Trinidad to the placers without making a detour. There they took up a claim that is bringing them in one hundred dollars a day apiece. What luck!

After travelling about three days we reached our destination. On the trip Veron and I prospected while Pidaucet looked on, being unable to do any manual labor. In fact he even threw his tools away so that he would be sure not to have to work.

Veron is always losing his head at the slightest provocation. He was climbing along the bank of the river where the pitch was steep, and for greater safety he actually threw his pack away letting it drop down into the river. It contained all our funds, four hundred dollars in all, most of which represented the net results of two months' work of all three of us, and my portfolio containing all my notes.

When I saw what he had done I jumped in and fished it out. By some miracle it was unharmed and I dried it out in the sun. I am most unlucky in having associates of this calibre, companions who get so upset over any little thing. True we have been travelling over difficult trails; Indian paths no wider than my hand—and along the edge of cliffs so steep that the least false step would send us down into the river flowing fifty meters beyond. More than once too we have had to take off our shoes and carry our packs on our heads. But this is not where Veron is so trying.

After three days of many catastrophes like this we finally reached the Canadian camp.[28] I was glad to meet the heroes of the bloody skirmish I have already described, and even more curious to see how far the descendants of the French Colonists, who came over in the seventeenth century, have conserved the old pronunciation and their family names, and what affection they have for the French whom they so fondly call their fellow-countrymen.

Their settlement radiates an air of peace and good-will. The members live in tents set up in sheltered and wooded spots near the river. They all seem prosperous, and far from miserable. Our arrival created

[28] From the data given here the camp seems to have been located near the junction of the South Fork and the Trinity. Farther up the river, however, there was a camp called Canadian Bar.

somewhat of a sensation. They gathered around us, asked questions about France, and gave us a cordial welcome. Among the most friendly were Mr. Petit, and especially Mr. Gervais. Both appeared to be influential members of this community.

Here and there we saw Indian squaws and papooses, large and small, moving about. Everyone was busy tending to his own affairs, looking after his own quarters, the animals, or attending to community business. The elder, or community supervisor, Mr. Gervais, brought us a delicious piece of fresh venison which we gratefully accepted. We asked him to come and have lunch with us the next day. This was the only hospitality we were able to offer.

He accepted and the next day at eleven he arrived bringing a complete dinner with him. This good fortune and this foresight on his part were completely unexpected. The affability of this good man who, weather-beaten though he was, had the true French spirit of hospitality and generosity, touched me to the quick, for we were two thousand leagues away from France, and this man, whose ancestors had left there two hundred years ago, knew the mother-country by hearsay only.

The meal was as gay and jolly as anyone could ask for in view of our present financial and geographical status. This fine old patriarch who owned a number of servants, pack-animals, a furnished tent, and a certain amount of gold, ranks as one of the aristocrats of this back-country. Perhaps, despite our clothes, he was able to judge from our manners and our conversation that we were not as uncouth as we looked. Had I been certain of this I should have enjoyed it even more, and retained even pleasanter memories of this occasion.

After hearing his account of their expedition against the Indians my own impression of it is materially modified. Such deeds cannot be measured by the standards of civilized countries where protection is afforded by the police, the judges, and the courts. Out here each family, clan, or group must supply this deficit; this is what makes summary justice obligatory and justifiable, and makes existence possible.

The day after this feast we again took the trail for Big Bar, following the opposite bank of the river. We prospected time and time again, but all our attempts were uniformly unsuccessful. In speaking of the Canadians—whom I shall probably never see again—I should like to say that their pronunciation of French is identical with what was in current use, during the seventeenth century in Normandy and several other French provinces.

For instance they pronounce *qui que ce sais* as we would pronounce *qui que ce sait*. When I was quite young I knew some old men nearly eighty-nine whose fathers had been alive during the reign of Louis XIV

and who still clung to this old-fashioned method of pronunciation. Similarly many expressions they use at the present time have long gone out of fashion and give to their conversation the stamp of archaism.

After eight days' absence we got back to Big Bar, unhappy over the prospect of resuming our life of drudgery. A few days later I heard that the things I had asked Villeneuve to send out had arrived. While I did not know what the package contained yet in our present straitened circumstances anything was acceptable.

The package weighed one hundred pounds and the transportation charges were one dollar a pound. This exorbitant price we had to pay, or lose everything. I was completely out of trousers, and shirts, and was as ragged as a disreputable beggar. To go prospecting I had to buy two pairs of shoes, one for Veron and one for myself, at twelve dollars each.

When we unpacked Veron was not satisfied with the contents. In fact they had sent about forty pounds of things that were absolutely useless and not what I had asked for. But whose fault was it? Veron had had trouble over the price of the food he had bought on the way out from Mulnaer, Villeneuve's partner, and had not told me about it so these men had done what they pleased with the flour and other provisions, and apparel, and had sent us only what they could not easily dispose of.

There is no redress in a country like this when it is customary to exact justice individually rather than through judges and lawyers who often absorb in costs over and above the value of what is in litigation, making the case a farce.

Veron added fresh coals to the fire by losing his temper, swearing he would never pay even half the transportation charges, saying he was abandoning his luggage, and turning the whole affair over to me. To such conduct, contrary to all written and verbal agreements—for I am the official head of our commercial company—I refused to pay the slightest attention, and merely paid the freight charges out of our common purse.

Thereupon he seized me by the collar and began to argue. As he had given me this admirable excuse, I decided we had better separate. So I divided up the two thousand francs worth of gold-dust and we parted. Each was now free to go and do whatever he pleased.

Pidaucet and Fredet, our two workmen, are far too happy over his departure to follow him. They have promised to stay with me indefinitely. Both, however, have had bad blisters on their hands for the last fifteen days and have been incapacitated. This was the way I spent July 14, 1850—St. Bonaventura's Day—to cap the climax of all that

has happened to me in the last few months! After paying one hundred dollars for the baggage held for me, my capital was diminished by half. But by selling off what I am not using I can probably get back fifty per cent. of this amount. Now that I have some extra clothes I can appear more like a gentleman and less like a typical miner.

Rumors vague at first, but growing more and more persistent, have been circulated around Big Bar of the discovery of rich placers only a few days' trip from here. Those near the Klamath, Salmon, and Upper Trinity rivers have been most highly recommended.

Every day a few prospectors who have not found much gold-dust here slip off quietly from camp heading for one of these regions. So much of this has been going on that Big Bar, so prosperous and well-populated only a month ago, is now almost deserted. Merchandise has gone down over half. My cronies being unable to work because of their minor ailments, I decided to go off on another prospecting trip while their blisters were healing.

We agreed that during my absence they were to guard my claim, work it if they could, and that all expenses as well as any profits taken out were to be shared equally. This left me to put up with all the trials and troubles while they rested.

Having purchased out of my own pocket enough food to last from fifteen days to a month, I joined the first group leaving. In this party one of the Americans spoke French, and as he had a mule and was all alone he kindly offered to pack my twenty-pound load of provisions. I carried the rest. As the guns, tools, and blankets weighed around twenty-five kilograms this was sufficient to carry over a mountainous country, barren of roads, and little travelled.

[Journey to the Klamath]

In this way on Tuesday, July eighteenth [16th], I started off. There were eight in our party in addition to three well-loaded mules. We had been warned that the Indian tribes along the banks of the Klamath were hostile. Undaunted we started off in this direction, for we all had plenty of courage.

At ten in the morning we began to climb high mountains. These we scaled until time to pitch camp—long after sunset. After this long arduous day out under the burning sun one of our party had become so exhausted that he had tried to quench his thirst with brandy—there being no water—and, lying down, had dropped off to sleep. When his absence was noticed a search was made for him, but he was not to be found. This was an ominous beginning.

In the evening a party of eight Americans with five horses under the leadership of a Canadian guide who were taking the same route passed by, and camped a short distance away. This made sixteen men, all told, camping close together, which lent a feeling of considerable security in case of common danger.

Among these travelers was a Parisian, an ex-clerk, by the name of Edmond Pecher. He is in partnership with a Mr. Roussel, formerly a sword-maker from Remirement. Mr. Gaguin, of Grand-Perret's party, who was originally a watchmaker in Moret (Jura) was also in the party. I joined the latter and we are preparing our food together. This is an economy both of time and labor.

On July nineteenth [17th] we broke camp just as the sun was rising. All day we tramped and climbed over steep slopes and through underbrush so thick that my trousers were in rags. As there were no springs in sight and the sun was burning we suffered excruciatingly from thirst. There was not a drop of water in my canteen. It was noon before we reached the arid and rocky summit of the highest mountain [Twin Sisters Mountain?]. From this point we tried to get our bearings, but all traces of the path had vanished. There was no water in the vicinity and the sun was so hot that it was impossible even to hold a pebble.

Everyone was worried and we all searched to find a way to extricate our party from this desperate situation. While a consultation was being held I was taken violently ill with chills and cramps. My arms and legs tingled and even the muscles in my face contracted. Everything went black around me and I dropped down with every ounce of strength gone, but still fully conscious.

I did not know whether this was a sunstroke, some cerebral congestion, or the rupture of some unsuspected aneurism. Ignorant of what it was yet I clearly understood the danger I was in. I imagined myself deserted and dying on this deserted mountain, fortunate if I were not eaten alive by carnivorous animals or birds of prey.

Thoughts like these were flashing through my mind as I saw the train pull on ahead, when an American, taking pity on me, tipped up his flask and found a few drops of brandy left in the bottom. With these he moistened my parched lips.

The "rise and walk" of the Scriptures never had a more miraculous effect. I was able to breathe normally again, I could speak, and then I got up. All this had not lasted more than a minute, but it seemed like hours. I jumped up, clapped my hands, and stamped my feet to start circulation. When I took my pack again to rejoin the party I found they were starting off in another direction.

Another quarter of an hour passed by. We then descended the

mountain we had climbed so laboriously and, two hours later, halted and lunched near a little brook [North Fork of the Trinity?]. Those who have never suffered from hunger and particularly from thirst day after day have no conception of what a joy it is to eat even the coarsest fare and drink fresh, clear, cool water. Since leaving Trinidad I have had more than one such experience. We spent the night in the same spot here in the forest and after eight hours of trying tramping we were all quite ready to turn in.

On July twentieth [18th] the train got under way bright and early. The Americans took the lead as their men, having horses, were not carrying anything. By evening just as the sun was setting Gaguin and I found ourselves on a wooded mountain [Blue Ridge?] and without water. We went to sleep without eating, so as not to increase our thirst.

The next day at sunrise we broke camp and two hours later came to a brook [North Fork again?]. Here we stopped for a bite, for after walking two hours we were nearly famished. Here we had abundant pure water close at hand.

Refreshed we started off again, and around noon came to some steep mountains. At this point the mules and horses refused to go on. We accordingly rejoined the main party who were as miserable as we were. After many ineffectual attempts requiring patience, energy, and the constant use of hands and feet, after considerable crawling we finally surmounted all obstacles. An hour later, when we were nearly exhausted, we found a picturesque camp-site, with good water, pasturage, and shade. We decided to spend the rest of the day here. I took advantage of this rest to mend my trousers—if such the rags hanging to my legs can be termed—which were new when I left Big Bar.

Leaving at sunrise on Wednesday [Saturday], the trail was easy up to noon. Later, however, we had to climb boulder-covered hills and scramble through dense underbrush which delayed us, as much as to say "You shall not pass." But we had no choice but to push ahead or turn back. So we forged ahead, not making over a kilometer an hour.

Mules and mule-drivers were at the limit of their endurance, and the latter warned us that we would either have to relieve them of the provisions they were carrying or they would desert us here in the forest. This was the ultimatum. So I had to take on the extra twenty-pound load of flour that was consigned to me at a time when I would have been more than happy to have had some kind soul relieve me of my own burden.

Though loaded with at least sixty pounds Gaguin and I did not remonstrate but walked on slowly ahead at a steady gait, slipping, perspiring, panting, as we ascended the formidable slope but eventually

reaching the top. Many men who, in their whole lives, have been exposed to far less danger, suffering, and trouble than have fallen to our lot in the last four months have received ample compensation, and an assured future.

For my part my personal sacrifices will seem small, indeed, and I shall be well satisfied if I can only save the family reputation and fortune. Moreover, I shall always retain a certain amount of work-a-day philosophy which is never acquired by living complacently by the fireside. These were my thoughts as I climbed up the forbidding mountain.

I do not know what Gaguin's thoughts were, or whether he was thinking at all. He is a man already past his prime, placid, taciturn, simple, and uneducated. Without pride or ambition like most working-men he is easy-going and good company on a trip. His character is very different from that of Pidaucet.

After resting a short time—and we had need of it—Gaguin and I took up our loads and started on our way. The main train, which pays little attention to laggards, was already far ahead of us. This does not mean, however, that it will get in ahead of us. The fable of "The Hare and the Tortoise" invariably holds true and reassures me on this point.

Out of water and despairing of finding any for our camp, we marched along until four in the afternoon. Suddenly my eye lighted on a tree which bore an inscription cut into the bark notifying the traveller he could find water a few hundred feet south. Finding the direction with my compass within ten minutes we came to a superb forest which was on fire. Although we thought the message might be a joke, yet we carefully explored the vicinity until we found, near a bed of smoldering ashes, a tiny spring.

This was all we needed to prepare our food and spend the night. But we were in considerable danger from falling sparks and the possibility of one of the great trees falling—they were no less than one hundred and fifty feet high—which were completely on fire, yet at the same time it was imperative to be near water in order to put out any sparks that might drop on us, and yet we had to keep a safe distance away from the flames on the wind-side. It was difficult to comply with all these conditions under the present circumstances. Half afraid to sleep we lay down to rest. Another disadvantage was that we were cold and in danger from wild animals. What a night it was, what a hideous picture, and what an orchestra!

With eyes half-closed I could see hundreds of huge, flaming columns surrounding us in the darkness, glistening, crackling, sparking. Occasionally there was a loud crash, echoed, a long time after, in the dis-

tance. This was followed by an immense rain of sparks, lighting up the forest. Thunder, lightning, the noise of artillery are all trifles compared to the confusion and turmoil of a forest fire.

What a situation for two lonely watchers to face, men who were worn out, and, resting on a bed of ashes, asked only to be allowed to slumber. This particular night will long remain graven in my memory. I have never seen and probably shall never again see anything so stupendous, and all from so slight a cause! Probably some miner—possibly one who had indicated where the spring was located—forgot to put out his camp-fire after cooking supper. No one knows how many hectares of this magnificent forest were destroyed that night and the day after. In the course of my travels, I have often seen forest fires burning on the mountains in the distance, but I had never been close to a fire before and seen the virgin forests being destroyed. While they are now considered of little value, at some future day this loss will be regretted when the country is settled.

On Sunday, July twenty-first, at nine in the morning we again joined the caravan, which was spending the day resting, the weather being fine and the men and the mules tired out. The camp-site was pleasantly located and the pasturage was abundant.

Among the Frenchmen in the party are two brothers named Bués who speak with a southern accent. They are fearless, splendid hunters, and in the prime of manhood. I know nothing about their past history except that they came on a sailing brig bound for San Francisco—which touched at Brazil.

Preferring not to sail around the Horn and confident of their physical endurance and good-luck, they crossed the continent with some fellow-travellers, who were equally courageous, from Rio de Janeiro to Valparaiso, Chile. Having crossed the pampas, the Andes, and the deserts—some seven hundred leagues in all—they got over in time to catch their same ship and sailed on toward California. By doing this they escaped the long sea-voyage, had a change, and an interesting trip to break the monotony of the voyage. It was a trip that must have proved full of interest.

At noon on Monday, July twenty-second, we came to another fine pasture where some horses left by some prospectors were peacefully grazing. Being safely hobbled their owners hoped to get them again if, in the meantime, they were not stolen, killed, or injured. This meant that we were not far from the river and the sought-for placers—the goal of our journey. In the afternoon, after a two hours' halt we got into some rugged country and crossed several ranges still covered with snow [summit of Salmon Mountains near headwaters of the North Fork of Trinity River?].

We camped at sundown in a little valley shaped like a horseshoe. It was steep and damp but very picturesque with wooded mountains rising all around not more than one hundred feet from us. Topped by immense slabs of whitish rock which took the form of pyramids, these peaks hemmed us in on the north, west, and south. Toward the east we could not see more than two hundred meters ahead, due to the thickness of the underbrush.

The grass was fresh, abundant, and very green, with a few patches of melting snow still on it. There was ice all around us. Here in this spot we passed the night after starting some roaring fires and selecting the driest place for sleeping. Then, while some cooked, the rest went out to hunt grouse and bear in the neighborhood.

The Bués brothers managed to kill a bird, which made a welcome addition to their supper. We also saw a bear, but he got away. Bears have to be killed instantly with one shot. If not they will attack—a danger few hunters will risk. One of my dreams when I left for the mines was to acquire a fortune and a bear-skin as a reward for my hard life—a life which has far surpassed anything I have ever known before —and which culminated in this trip with the pack-train which offered a chance for some hunting, just as I was beginning to think I had been idly pursuing two chimeras!

The damp, cold night was not passed without considerable discomfort despite the roaring fires, which we kept well supplied with wood, burning at our feet. We must be in a very high altitude as we have been climbing steadily for five days now and since there is snow all around us even in July. This is what makes one believe that the source of the Sacramento and its tributaries, the American and the Feather Rivers, the Klamath and its tributaries, the Salmon and the Trinity, and even the Oregon, cannot be much higher than our present elevation. This is merely my own off-hand opinion.

On Tuesday, the twenty-third of July, we were not tempted to sleep late in the morning because the camp was so unhealthy, even though charmingly situated. So everyone was up and around at daybreak, and after a bite to eat we were off. The first two kilometers of our trip were made through snow. Leaving this behind us we found, from time to time, skeletons of horses that had died from fatigue or exposure—a most unpleasant sight which we were glad to see the last of. We saw, as well, some poor decrepit horses, who were of very little more value than their unfortunate companions, browsing leisurely through the woods without a thought of what the present or future held in store for them. No doubt these were completely happy. To eat, to be idle, to sleep, and not to think, this, to dumb creatures, is supreme happiness.

And in my present situation I would never dare admit I envied

them. An inner voice, a voice of pride and duty, steadily urges me on and on, but in moments of discouragement I ask myself whether the game is worth the candle. Why not die here as well as some other place? And why to-morrow, and not to-day? To die would be simple in comparison with this constant physical and mental anguish which seems interminable. The situation seems intolerable.

At this juncture an inner voice tells me more insistently than ever to "go on." Suddenly I find my courage reviving, I take a fresh start, and feel a new fund of energy rising. Often, as I did to-day, I climb up and down mountains for hours, reaching camp in a state of physical exhaustion, but exultant over having conquered all obstacles and overcome my moods of depression. We camped, about six in the evening, close to a brook, which is said to be about three miles (some five kilometers) from the river. But so far no one knows what river it is.

On Wednesday morning at eight o'clock we finally came out on what proved to be the Salmon River. On both banks, for two miles in each direction, the river sands were staked out and being worked by miners. Where we are now there are about two hundred and fifty miners who are taking out, according to reports, from ten to thirty dollars a day each. Some of the first comers who got the best locations are netting nearly sixty dollars. The river has a steep bank and is very rapid. In width it varies from twelve to twenty meters. It runs clear over a bed of rock, sand, and gravel, and is full of fish. We saw a number of nets stretched across the river from place to place—the Indian way of catching trout and salmon. The evening was spent working gravel and sand taken from the different localities.

To judge by all the abandoned huts and discarded Indian belongings I found on my prospecting trips through the country bordering the river, this region must have been inhabited by Indians who were either forced out by the arrival of the white men, or had left of their own volition. I even found a completely equipped Indian hut hidden away in a sheltered and inconspicuous spot only a few miles from the placers.

The hut looked as if it had only recently been abandoned by its Indian owner who had probably gone off on a hunting, fishing, or pillaging expedition. In it were some woven baskets of assorted sizes, fishing tackle, and miscellaneous articles, but all were in such poor condition that, in spite of my desire to take something home as a souvenir, I did not, and left everything just as I had found it.

Gaguin, who was with me on the trip, was usually ahead or behind taking samples, and washing them whenever the presence of gold was suspected. Returning around five o'clock I found my friend Gaguin calmly sitting by the water eating nuts and some black fruit, smaller

than a cherry, which grows wild. The fruit is juicy, and grows in clusters; the tree on which it grows is from six to seven meters high and twenty centimeters in diameter. It reminds me of viburnium.

Both time and strength were wasted as none of our attempts were successful, and so, tired and discouraged, we returned to camp. Our provisions were also nearly gone, and as I wished to push on to the Klamath it was imperative to restock. This is not easy out here in a country where there are no stores and where butchers have fresh meat only once a week, as animals have to be sent out all the way from the plains of the Sacramento. Making the trip by easy stages it takes them from fifteen days to three weeks for the journey. We all lay in supplies as best we can. As the meat is of excellent quality—each animal weighs somewhere between eight hundred and a thousand pounds—even if we have very little flour our material needs are satisfied.

On July twenty-fifth, having procured some flour, Pecher, Gaguin, and I started for the Klamath. The Americans were greatly astonished at the smallness of our party and considered it unsafe. Frankly this unexplored country has a bad reputation. It is inhabited, so I am told, by rascals of the lowest order. While this may be the case, yet similar rumors were circulated in San Francisco about the natives of the Trinity country who, after all, turned out to be nothing worse than petty sneak-thieves, who seemed to prefer vegetarianism to cannibalism.

As a party of Americans who were going to work a claim they had staked out about five leagues from here had agreed to pack my fifty pounds of flour, my friends and I camped with them our first night out, not far from our starting point.

To-day is a memorable occasion, a gala-day. Just a year ago we celebrated it on board the *Cérès* where everyone was in high spirits and optimistic over future prospects. But out here in this wild, uncivilized country, closer to poverty than a fortune and surrounded by strangers who are coldly indifferent to what becomes of me I am no longer justified in building castles in Spain or even cardhouses. One must be philosophical, however, and take bad luck good-naturedly until the luck changes.

This evening we had pancakes, a little fresh meat, and some cold water for supper. Anyone who has nearly starved to death for fifteen days near the Trinity River has little right to complain here along the Salmon where the prime essentials are procurable.

On Wednesday, the twenty-sixth, we tramped all day long over the mountains which were for the most part wooded and offered slight variety either in vegetation or scenery. On a hill-top, in a little open clearing, I found one white lily in full bloom. I made the remark that

this was the first lily I had come across in my travels since leaving home and, as it was the emblem of my own country, it made me homesick for France even though two thousand leagues of land and ocean separated us.

We rested where the Salmon and Shasta rivers [!] fork.[29] The latter, which is about the length of the former, gets its name from Mount Shasta—the highest peak in this part of the country—where it rises. This peak can be clearly seen from any mountain, thirty leagues away. These two rivers probably flow into the Klamath which empties into the Pacific well below the Oregon border. In any event this is what miners and backwoodsmen believe. Up to the present writing geographers have wisely refrained from making any statements about it.

Here where we stopped for lunch I had an opportunity to see an entire Indian family, members of one of the local tribes. I did not understand why they came over here and mixed with the miners. They may have been merely curious; perhaps they were waiting for a chance to rob us.

These Indians are a fine type of savage, the men are well-built and stalwart. Some of the women would even be considered handsome if their mouths were not so heavily tattooed, and if they did not have the coquettish habit of piercing the cartilage between the nostrils with a piece of bone or an arrow about seven or eight centimeters long. This decoration takes the place of an ornament, but it is extremely ugly and gives them an odd appearance.

I have been trying to find out something about this custom — a custom extremely painful at first but afterwards merely inconvenient. But I have only found out this much: that somewhat as *rancheros* brand cattle with hot irons to establish ownership so the Indians whose only beasts of burden are their women mark them in this way for purposes of identification to prevent them from wandering from one tribe to another without permission. This explanation is as good as any other; you can take it for what it is worth.

This placer where we are now established is a rich one. We hear reports of claims yielding day after day as much as five or six ounces of gold per person. This sounds too good to be true, or to last for any more than a very brief period. Already three hundred miners have congregated here at these placers and are busily exploiting them. They have come from every point of the compass, from the Yuba, and

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[29] At the Forks of the Salmon. De Massey confuses the North Fork of the Salmon with the Shasta River.

other branches of the Sacramento, from the upper and lower branches of the Trinity, and even from Oregon.

At three this afternoon we broke camp and went on to a new camp site farther on, making in all a day's march of about eighteen miles, or thirty kilometers.

On Saturday, the twenty-seventh, I went out prospecting with some Englishmen and Americans. We went down the river for some six kilometers, crossing it four times with all our clothes on and with the water nearly up to our shoulders, testing all the bars. We got out in each washing about twenty or twenty-five cents in gold-dust, making a total for the day's work of an hundred francs each.

Now for the first time I began to draw a long breath again, to feel that everything was not lost, that California gold was not a chimera, and that my luck had changed at last. If the Klamath offers no better opportunities this is where I shall pitch my tent and perhaps spend the winter—if this seems more feasible than returning to San Francisco. Should gold prove abundant the moment the gold-rush is on supplies will begin to run low. A happy prospect this for gold, provisions, and clothing!

In the afternoon we camped six thousand meters farther on. On the road we met two groups of Americans returning from the Klamath, who told us there was less gold there than along the Salmon River. They did not mention the Indians. Nevertheless, disregarding their advice which might have been worth following we continued on our journey. I wanted to see things for myself, and had a certain amount of pride about it. Moreover it would have been disappointing to have retraced our steps without at least satisfying our curiosity and reaching the goal for which we had started—to get some definite information for our associates about the wealth of the much talked of country—and for which we had already made so many sacrifices.

Falling in some twelve thousand meters farther on with another party of Americans who were also turning back discouraged and who confirmed the reports of the first outfit, it seemed foolish to try and carry out our plans for it would have meant time lost and a useless consumption of provisions without any material benefit. As my friends felt the same way we concluded to retrace our steps, although we were only a short distance from the Klamath.

Returning to the placers by way of the upper [North] fork of the Salmon we found they had been abandoned and that a fresh fever had drawn the miners over to the banks of the Shasta, and the tributaries of the Klamath. What a waste of effort! How much time is squandered by this constant shifting! A miner who is finding gold worth a

hundred francs a day will leave his claim in the hope of finding one hundred and fifty francs twenty or thirty leagues away. More often than not, after leaving, he finds there is nothing in the new location.

In my last camp I came across some of the loveliest spots imaginable, places reminiscent of an English garden, which had been laid out and planted on a large scale by an artist. He had made green lawns, and planted masses of large trees and bushes of all sizes. Some of the trees were a variety that dropped their leaves; others were evergreen. Through the garden ran a brook, with a waterfall. All this was situated directly on the picturesque banks of the Shasta [North Fork of Salmon].

On our way back to Big Bar we took a short cut where the travelling was easier and so had a more comfortable trip as the road had been cleared off by the sensible and practical Yankees with axe and hatchet.[30] By going this way and by following the valley which led to the South Fork (a branch of the Trinity) we crossed the river and its subsidiaries three times.

Sometimes we had to cross bridges made of the solid trunks of fallen trees where dizziness or a false step would have proved fatal to any individual who was not absolute master of his head and feet. However by so doing in five days we made a trip that had taken us ten days of the hardest walking, not to mention suffering and exhaustion, and with no more discomfort than occasionally getting hungry.

On Wednesday evening, August second, we got into Big Bar. I intended, without losing any time, to give a full account of my exploring expedition, to map out plans, and to start out at once with my partners. But to my amazement I found my shanty deserted.

Upon making inquiries I learned that Pidaucet and Veron having formed a partnership had left together for the lower Klamath, and that Fredet who was not over his *panaris* and the blisters on his hands was expecting to leave camp tomorrow for the same place, taking my watch and money with him and without leaving any word as to where I could rejoin them.

So I got in just in time to look after my few personal belongings and to let Fredet know what I thought of such conduct and the way Pidaucet and Veron had failed to keep their promises. I also declined from this time on to be associated with men who were so irresponsible and ungrateful as not to consider how much time I had lost and how much money I had spent on the trip for our mutual benefit at a time when they were unable to travel. A fifteen days' walking trip and

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[30] Perhaps this route lay by way of Weaver's diggings — later Weaverville.

fifty dollars spent—this was the result of my loyalty. From now on I am going to look after my own affairs and have nothing more to do with them.

The next day when I went out to see some of the miners who were still living at Big Bar I learned that a fire had completely wiped out Oscar de Gaulne, my agent, and that as the result of this disaster he had gone insane and had been sent back home. So the two thousand francs I had left with him were lost, new goods were arriving, and no one was there to receive them. Neither was there money for the custom charges. Upon learning this I concluded that a longer stay at the mines was out of the question. Clearly duty called me to San Francisco for I did not want anyone to think I had not put forth every effort possible to save something out of the wreckage.

Selling off what tools I could and some of my clothing, I bought provisions for the trip and found a companion who was returning to the coast. After paying a driver twelve dollars for transporting my few belongings, I had exactly seventy dollars in gold-dust left as my entire wealth.

This meager capital and the physique of a seasoned miner were my sole stock-in-trade as I had no credit or backing for carrying on my business with bankers, creditors, money-lenders, and consignees in San Francisco. Almost wiped out by the fire, discouraged, and despondent, I faced the almost inevitable certainty of not being able to raise the necessary capital to release my goods from the vessels, pay the customs, or rent a place to display them. From seven to eight thousand francs were needed to get me out of this situation. And yet Veron pays no attention to all this, even though his interests are involved with mine.

On Monday, August 5, 1850, I set out from Big Bar, disillusioned and with no prospects for the future. When I reached here the twenty-first of last May I was brimming over with optimism; and I have done everything in my power to succeed. I have willingly stooped to any kind of work, no matter how fatiguing, but I am now convinced that a miner's life is practical only for men who are accustomed from childhood to the hardest manual labor and that only by extraordinary good luck is it possible to take out a fortune within a few weeks or months.

Three of us are travelling with one mule. The first two days we did not walk; we trotted. I made no complaint but kept up the pace and camped with the rest. But on the third day my legs refused to function and I had to lag behind. The way the guide was pressing ahead made me think my driver had some evil intentions for he had

charge of all my capital which, though little enough, will be invaluable after reaching San Francisco.

In the evening, despairing of catching up with him, I had to pass the night alone in a ravine. I had two ship-biscuits and my blankets. It was enough, however. While I was munching at my supper, thinking over my troubles, bemoaning my ill-luck, and almost ready to give up after this series of calamities one on top of another, along came an American on horseback.

Liking the place, he got off, tied up his horse, and came over and sat down by me. His society quite revived my flagging spirits and dispelled my fit of pessimism. Though far from feeling hilarious, I grew almost cheerful.

The stranger was a young man, but wrinkled, pale, and taciturn. He was fairly well dressed and looked like either an agent sent out by some capitalists to explore the country, or a newspaper reporter. Since he did not speak French and I knew only a few words of English we only exchanged a few monosyllables before sleeping. I noticed, moreover, that he was much more of a gentleman than most of his fellow-countrymen whom I met at the placers.

We both got under way early in the morning. He was on his horse while I followed behind on foot in hope of finding my muleteer who had deserted me, at the next stopping place. The latter was located in a field where a large store, serving as café, restaurant and hotel, was the rendezvous for all inbound and outbound travellers. Here I found my two travelling-companions and had a good meal—sitting down on a bench with a table in front of me and being waited on—a luxury I had not known since leaving the miserable *Hector* at Trinity City.

Having had no mishaps on our four days' trip, we got into Union Town the next day. This was a new settlement made up of fifty houses and forty tents. The houses belong to the speculators. Other sites are occupied by the general store, which sells everything, and the hotel, which is café, restaurant, gambling house, saloon all in one. The tents house the transient miners who are going out or coming in from the placers and stop here to restock, or fritter away the gold they have collected.

The location is not a bad one being on a bend in Trinity [Humboldt] Bay, but only barges and small boats can get up to it. Large ships have to keep off owing to the sand-bars. A plain two or three kilometers deep, shaped like a half-moon and edged with massive forests which inclose it on three sides, dips down to the sea.

Nearby are two small villages, Humboldt, and Eureka City. These

are the ports from which supplies are taken to Trinity City which lies fifteen miles north. Had Captain Kemp of the *Hector* known his business he would have put us off here and so saved us many trials and tribulations.

I spent August tenth and eleventh at Union Town resting and looking over its prospects, present and future, since it is the connecting link between San Francisco and these northern placers.

The Marquis of Pindray has been camping here for some little time together with his servant, the man from La Chapelle. They came out overland bringing with them a herd of one hundred and fifty steers, cows and a few horses. They volunteered the information that their stock came from *Rancho de Vaca* along the Sacramento and had belonged to an American colonel, Victor Prudhon [Prudon], from whom they were purchased and who owned not less than five or six square leagues of land.

They also boasted that they owned a large number of building lots in Union Town. Personally I could not help raising the question how these men, who were living from hand to mouth four months ago on the proceeds of hunting and gambling and taking anything they could lay their hands on, had been able completely to reverse their position and acquire so much capital. The whole thing looked strange to me and aroused my curiosity, though I only knew them by sight and reputation.

Out here they are famous for their prodigality, the airs they put on, their appearance of opulence, and for their reputed nobility. As a visit from me, a poor miner and one of their fellow-countrymen, would not be compromising, I decided to attempt it. I had a good excuse for going to see them as they are the local butchers here. They kill and sell meat at thirty and forty cents a pound. They also sell milk from their cows—at a dollar a bottle! As there is plenty of pasturage around here they do not have to worry over feed for their animals.

Upon giving my name and saying where I was from I was politely invited to come up to their tent. There I found myself in the presence of one of the greatest imposters of the century. He has all the feline airs of a calculating scoundrel and gives the impression of being about to pounce on his prey. In his conversation the Marquis is invariably fascinating, but his nervousness and his rapacious nature frequently crop out.

The Marquis, whenever it is to his advantage or when the mood strikes him, has his headaches and his nerves just like a capricious woman. At such times he will see no one. He is an original type, an

interesting study, but a dangerous man to deal with. I shall probably never run across his type again—fortunately for humanity. If a novelist knew about him, without deviating from the truth what a story he could write woven around his checkered and sinister career.

After talking with him for half an hour I departed. He has invited me to have dinner with him to-morrow, and I see no reason to decline since I am already fairly well acquainted with this Robert Macaire. Bertrand, otherwise known as La Chapelle, was away to-day. No doubt he had gone on some business in his capacity of understudy to his master. I should have enjoyed seeing these two confederates together before me and shall go there with this deliberate intention to-morrow.

Accustomed as I am to sleeping out in the open I did not take a room for the night. Nor does the tent of a stranger tempt me any more than a room in the hotel where I would have to rub elbows with drunkard, croupiers, robbers, and men of the coarsest fiber where only on rare occasions is there an honest miner. In addition it would cost me a dollar; sleeping out under the glimmering stars costs nothing.

My situation, however, was not entirely a roseate one in this damp and sultry country. Mosquitoes came out in such force that there was no escaping them even when I wrapped myself completely from head to foot in my blankets. There was no recourse but to be philosophical and endure martyrdom and sleeplessness for ten long hours.

Getting up bright and early on the morning of the eleventh I strolled about the neighborhood. To kill time and see if I could find any familiar faces I explored all the budding village. The cabarets are thronged with drinkers; most of them are regular fish.

Large numbers of natives, both men and women—small, ugly, trickish, beggarly, and deceitful creatures (even if they were not so stupid the Americans would keep an eye on them) from the tribes near here parade in all their stolidity through the streets and fields. By so doing they contribute to the community with its strange conglomeration of human beings a touch of originality, to put it mildly; of savagery superimposed on civilization. To complete the tableau herds of cattle and horses browse in and around the village.

I am writing this at midnight having just returned from the haunt of Bacchus—otherwise known as De Pindray's place. This hybrid creature is a mixture of wild beast, imposter, and Machiavellianism. If I compare him to Bacchus of mythological fame it is because of his fine physique, and if he does not vomit fire from his mouth his eyes dart fire. In lieu of thunder he has guns and pistols. The herds which he has been able to gather together have the air of being stolen

property and not of having been acquired honestly. But what of it? Anyway he is a type well worth studying.

The Marquis, who was standing at the door of his tent with all the pomp of a great lord standing on the steps of his castle waiting for some distinguished guest to arrive, came over, shook hands, welcomed me, and presented me to his confederate and accomplice who is also his cook, valet, secretary, cowboy, butcher, and slave — everything, in fact, except his cashier. I wondered who Mr. La Chapelle, a small, sickly, shy, agile man who obeys his master's every look or gesture, could be.

The tent had two compartments. The first was used as a kitchen, dining room, saloon, harness-room, store, and lounging place; the second did duty as a sleeping chamber and a place to retire when this rascal has one of his nervous attacks, or has his headaches like a woman, and wants to retire to work off his wine or his attacks of bad conscience, after an orgy or some bad act.

A singular ménage this, in which I dined to-day sitting between two bandits so unlike in temperament at the home of the aforesaid millionaire. There was no linen and no furniture. Tree-trunks served as seats, planks for a table, and hammocks for beds. The only evidence of any luxury was in the guns, hunting-knives, ammunition, and swords.

Our menu—I have no right to be fastidious after my sojourn at the placers—consisted of fresh meat, dried meat, tea during the meal, coffee and brandy afterwards, and bread if we so desired. To me it was a feast, but my host ate nothing. The excuse he gave was that one of his headaches was coming on. To make up for it he talked incessantly. La Chapelle, on the other hand, ate bountifully but said nothing. Personally I both ate and talked.

De Pindray, in his conversation, did not mention France or any of his European escapades. Very likely he was afraid of saying something indiscreet which might have exposed his past or got him into an embarrassing corner. The talk turned instead to his residence in America, and his lucky speculations in building sites, which he was still holding in St. Joseph [Missouri], the future prospects of that village, and his trip overland to San Francisco—a journey of some five or six thousand leagues [kilometers?] over desert and through Indian country. He also bragged about his frequent brawls with men of every nationality—from which he always came off victorious.

He also told us how he had acquired a ranch on the borders of the Sacramento, five square leagues in area, from which he had taken off the animals he had brought along with him. He described, too, his trip from *Rancho de Vaca* to Union Town, without guides or knowing

the road, through woods, mountains, and underbrush. Acquiring building lots at Union City he put his tent, the tent where I was being entertained, on one of these, but he expects to move on shortly to the placers where he hopes to sell his live-stock at better prices. All this amazing history was related in a simple and convincing manner, and the courage, force, energy, audacity, and intelligence of the man were so impressive to the listener that he actually seemed to be telling the truth.

For three hours this monologue lasted—it was broken only by occasional questions and admiring exclamations by way of encouragement — De Pindray never once stopped talking. He kept looking at me with his strange, fascinating manner as if he wanted to hypnotize me, and fathom my innermost thoughts. Not a flicker passed over my passive countenance, however, expressing what I really thought of him.

Interloper as I was, I had come with the intention merely of observing as closely as possible these two types, a Robert Macaire and a Bertrand, types of aristocratic Frenchmen on American soil. Estimating their wealth I would place it around two hundred thousand dollars, nearly a million francs.

At three in the afternoon, edified, if not entirely sympathetic, I left my hosts. I am hoping to run across them again in the future and be able to continue their sinister biography. I have recently heard around here that an American brig, the *Sierra Nevada,* is leaving soon from the Port of Trinidad for San Francisco. Having no money or time to lose, I have made up my mind to leave to-morrow morning for Trinity City.

On Monday, August twelfth, at seven in the morning, I started out with an ex-croupier from one of the gambling houses who now owns a café in Union Town. By way of ballast I carried my entire fortune along with me consisting of a large fund of philosophy, some energy, a gun, ammunition, a good blanket, some biscuits, and about sixty dollars.

It was without any regrets that I left this land of mosquitoes and De Pindray. Refreshed after my two days' rest I took the path that skirts the bay with a light foot, accompanied by my solitary companion who might easily prove to be treacherous like all his brother-croupiers. In all events he is not a highway robber, or a cold-blooded assassin. He speaks French and hails from New Orleans. Why try to be over-particular out here in this wild country! I am really fortunate in having even this stranger to camp with on the short trip to Trinity City.

As we left we were warned by seasoned travellers that along the

route we were to take the Indians were numerous and often aggressive in spite of the severe lessons and punishment they had received at the hands of their American neighbors. This did not intimidate us, however, but merely put us on the alert against surprises.

True enough, we met several natives, but instead of attempting to pick a quarrel with us they showed us many little attentions. Many who passed us were packing food on their backs. Some even offered to carry us over the rivers we had to cross in return for some pearls and trinkets. Others sold us salmon weighing as much as ten pounds, for ten or fifteen cents. Thus we had plenty of fresh fish to eat.

Having made half the trip in safety we then struck off from the seashore and took to the plateau which led us toward our destination. Here we came to a river, larger and deeper than the others, which had to be forded. Two Indians who were loitering on the banks offered to carry us across on their shoulders. We accepted somewhat reluctantly and gave our lives into the hands of these savages. All went well while they kept on their feet, but one of them stumbled, nearly spilling us into the water. When I saw this performance I pounded my porter as hard as I could and sent him looking for crabs at the bottom of the river. While he was trying to get his bearings I hurried up the bank, laughing at our dilemma. We dried off in the sun while we were cooking dinner.

Upon thinking over what had happened we came to the conclusion that we had narrowly escaped trouble. The Indians must have known we disliked wading through the water and thought that if we asked to be carried over it was because we could not swim. I was the only one who appeared to be carrying guns and while my companion also carried in his pocket a gun with six shots in it, no one suspected it.

By giving me a ducking they thought they could put me, together with my gun, out of commission in one move and then handle the survivor without much trouble. As I had the gun this was why I was singled out to be dropped into the water. But the whole thing was of minor importance anyway, the main result being that one of the conspirators received, by way of *pourboire,* a good ducking which was well deserved, I can assure you.

Musing over our adventure we enjoyed a delectable dinner of salmon. At three in the afternoon, dry and rested again, we took up the trail once more on the wooded plateau with its dense underbrush, and toward five that evening we reached Trinity City without further adventure. Full of hope, courage, and vision it was from here that we started the twenty-fifth of last April.

I found my tent as I had left it, but nearly everything inside in

the way of personal belongings, tools, utensils, and provisions had vanished, having either rotted or been stolen. As I could not find a purchaser for what little remained I left everything in a store to be sold off for our account. This was one way of escaping criticism, but if I had thrown them into the sea I would have realized as much on them.

This done I made a bundle of my personal belongings, intending to ship them. Those belonging to Pidaucet and Veron I put in a box leaving them in the tent in case they returned by way of Trinity City. Then I booked passage on the *Sierra Nevada*.

Having raised twenty-two dollars from the sale of my gun I did not need to draw further on my savings for expenses on the return trip from the placers to San Francisco. In this way I would reach the city with a capital of sixty dollars with which to meet all the exigencies of my situation.

Nothing about the village of Trinity City had changed since my departure; there were a few more wooden houses and a few less tents, but there was little activity and the streets seemed quiet.

On Wednesday, August 14, 1850, I left behind the inhospitable river where I had almost died of hunger, thirst, cold, fatigue, and discouragement, and poorer than ever embarked on the brig that was just sailing, to face, no doubt, more trials and tribulations.

JAMES CLYMAN
His Diaries and Reminiscences
(Continued)

The only long gap in the Clyman Diaries occurs during the months of September, October and November of 1845, when Clyman visited San Francisco. Two documents relating to this period survive. The first is a petition, signed by Clyman and sixteen others, addressed to Larkin and urging him to protect the foreign residents of San Francisco against disorders arising on account of an assault on the person of Captain Elliott Libbey of the American Ship *Tasso*. Captain Libbey and Nathan Spear had been set upon in the streets of San Francisco by the citizens' patrol and the Captain received severe knife wounds which endangered his life. The attackers belonged to native families prominent in the town, and it was feared that the guilty persons would not be brought to trial. The petitioners asked that the American Sloop of War *Levant* should remain in the Bay and prepare to assist. Larkin forwarded this petition to Commander Hugh N. Page of the *Levant* with the request that his ship remain in the harbor in order to accelerate proceedings against the criminals.[151]

The second document is a short answer by Larkin to a letter of Clyman's in which information is requested as to what had been done regarding the murder of the Walla Walla Indian, Elijah Hedding. As this completes the records of the Hedding affair, given elsewhere in this narrative, it is quoted here.

[Larkin to Clyman regarding the Hedding Affair]

[Larkin's Official Correspondence, I, No. 65. Bancroft Library]

San Francisco, October 29, 1845.
Consulate of the United States

Sir.

In answer to your request for information in what I have done in the case of the North West Indian, against Grove Cook, of the United States now living in this Department: I have to say, that from the representation made by Sub Agent, White, to his Department in Washington, I sent a copy to Governor Pico of California, which has been translated, I also offered my services to him in the affair; when I left my Consular House the former month, no answer had been received from Governor Pico.

An account of my proceedings I wrote to the Sub-Agent, and sent to Captain Gordon of H. B. M. Ship America, who left here in August, as we supposed for the Columbia River, he refused to receive it under the plea that he was not bound there; I am in expectation to forward the letter next month by some other vessel.

James Clyman Esq^r. / *San Francisco* — *I am Sir* / *Your most Obd^t. Sv^t.*

Signed— THOMAS O. LARKIN

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[151] *Larkin's Official Correspondence*, I, No. 63. Bancroft Library.

[Continuation of the Clyman Diaries]

[BOOK 7]

[*Front Cover*]

December 1845

[*California in 1845*]

December the 1st 1845

Owing to my breaking my ink stand and loosing pencil I have not been able to write any since the First of sept since which time I visited San Francisco or Herba Buano and the most of the Bay of San Francisco —— The Entrance into this noble bay is fine and Easy of access all vessels passing in and out by the chart with out even a pilot the harbour inside being spacious and completely land locked to the North and west by a high rocky ridge or promontory to the south the land is not so high but is sufficiently high and permanent for good security the achorage is good and secure and good fresh water easily obtained in greate abundance from a spring on the North side of the bay The land However near the entrance of the bay is not fit for cultivation or at least but small portions of it it being generally dry sandy or gravelly soil some fine grazing lands are However found no advantages can be had for Hydraulick purposes whatever which is a great drawback against this noble bay The Sacremento and the St Joachim are the main feeders the former is a beautifull streem and is probably navegable for steam boats 200 miles from its mouth the later is Quite a large River but when low is not navigablle to any considerable distance two small creeks one from the north and the other from the south is all ([continued on] the p[age] 13)

[Much of what follows is written at various places in the note-book on the lower parts of the pages, below the diary]

the fresh water in the dry season that falls into the Bay Both the larger Rivers have their Sources in a Broad high ruged rang of mountains dividing the plains of the Coast from the greate salt Lake valy Lying East of the above mentioned vally and west of the main chain of Rocky mountains seperating the waters of the Atlantic and the Pacific

Beside these two greate chains of mountains there is still another chain running near and paralell with the coast this like all the others is in many places high and extremely ruged and its perpendicular cliffs in many places stay the Bosterous waves of the Pacific and if report be correct it [is] probably the most ruged Desolate coast yet known for som hundeds of [miles] north [of] the Bay of San Francisco

These three greate and lengthy chains of mountains are in many places connected by cross chains such as The Umpiqaw dividing th

Willhamett from the umpiquaw River the Clamet dividing the waters of the umpiquaw and clamett Rivers the Siskiew dividing the waters of the Clamet and Chesty rivers and the still mor high and rugged range of the Snowy Bute [Mount Shasta] seperating the waters of the Clamet and sacremento with innumerable spurrs of mountains Jutting out in all directions from both and all the main chains and numbers of Isolated and detached hills Knobbs and mountains standing and running in all immaginable directions making the vallies generally small winding and narrow But generally Beautifull and picturesque and well clothed in native grasses

The — Callifornians are a proud Lazy indolent people doing nothing but ride after herds or from place to place without any appearant object The Indians or aboriginees do all the drudgery and labour and are kept in a state of Slavery haveing no or Receeving no compensation for their labour except a scanty allowence of subsistance during the time they actually imployed and perhaps a cotton Shirt and wool sufficient to make a coarse Blanket which they spin and weave in their own way Their method of manufacturing is simple and curious They beat the wool with two sticks in place of cards and when it is beaten enough they spin it with a stick and lay the warp by driveing a number of small sticks in the ground it [is] raised by letting a stick run through sufficiently to pass a smal ball through and brought up with the sane stick of course their fabrick is coarse but they make it verry durable The californian Plough is a curosity in agraculture being made of a forked branch of a tree one prong of which answers for a handle the other for (the other for) a Land side mould Board Coulter & all haveing a small piece of Iron on the forward part about the size of a mans hand and half an inch thick Harrow no such thing known

A small Quantity of wheat a patch of corn and Beans — with some garden vegetables constitute all the agracultural products of the main bulk of the californians not half sufficient for a supply and a greate portion of the inhabitants live exclusively on Beef and mutton both of which are remarkably fine and fat but want the fine flour and vegetables to make a good meal for an American Several kinds of red peppers are grown in greate abundance and enter largely in to the californian cookery so much so as to nearly strangle a Forigner and you find it necesary to have a good apatite to swallow a meal no such thing as a good flouring mill is to be found but every family have a small hand mill on which they mash their grain when they have any to mash and a coarse sive for a Bolt Their bread is made in thin wafer like cakes and baked slowly untill they are as hard as a sea buisket Thier

sheep are small and produce a smll Quantity of coarse wool along the back the belly being entirely bare Their cattle are of a good size and handsomely built some farms or Ranches have from Five to Twenty thousand head of neat stock on them with large stocks of horses and sheep no such thing as a woolen Factory is known nor in fact a manufactory of any kind or discription and even a coarse woolen hat sells from five to eight dollars The trade of the country is carried on by some Eight or ten vessels fitted out from Boston with dry goods which they sell at from three to five hundred percent advance on prime cost and take Hides and Tallow in return The tallow is generally sold in the south american mining districts and the hides salted and carried home it usually takes about Three year to make a trading trip of this kind

The govornment of this province has like all the spanish american govornments gone through several Revolutions and changes But I believe every change has been for the worse and all though it took a recent change about one year since no change is precieveable except that the revenue has fallen into the hands of other persons The revenue is small and wholey used up by the collectors not a cent going to the central government no such thing as a court of Justice is known higher than an Alcaldas court which is equivolent to a Justice of the peace in the United States and [the] alcalda is bound by no Law but his own oppinions which decides all differences

In Fact the civil The Military and all parts of the Govenment are weak imbecile and poorly organized and still less respected and in fact but little needed as the inhabitants live so Isolated as to have but little intercourse with each other and therefore few difficulties to settle

The Forigners which have found their way to this country are mostly a poor discontented set of inhabitants and but little education hunting for a place as they [want] to live easy only a few of them have obtained land and commenced farming and I do not hear of but one man that has gone to the trouble and Expence to get his tittle confirmed and fixed beyond altiration and dispute

In speaking of the govornment of california I must say that (that) it is the most free and easy govornment Perhaps on the civilized globe no Taxes are imposed on any individual what ever I saw nor heard of no requrement for Roade labour no Military tax no civil department to support no Judiciary requiring pay and in every respect the people live free you may support Priest or not at your pleasure and if your life and property are not Quite so safe as in some other countries you have the pleasure of using all your earnings And strange as it may seem I never saw a spanish Californian that was a mechanic

of any kind or discription and how they formerly made (made) out to cutivate any land is a mistery to me not yet solved nor do I recolect of seeing during my stay in this povince one single instance of a californian having a rail or stone fence all their fencing being made of Brush or willows woven in the form of a Basket and in some few Instances they had taken root and made a living fenc and ware they cut and set in the proper season most of them would live ——

Callifornia as a general is scarce of valuable timber the oak predominates and consists of Black oak two or three verieties white oak 5 or 6 kinds Live oak three or 4 verieties but all the oak tribe is short and shrubby and of but little use except for fire wood The Red Firr grow in considerable Quantities in some of the mountains but is likewise hard and gnarled The red wood is generally fine Straight and large but is only found plenty in some of the mountainous districts this is the timber spoken of by travelers as growing to such immence hight and size the appearance [of] this wood much resembles our red cedar it generally splits straight and easy and is certainly a noble tree but is never found on the plains and only on a few of the mountains except those near the coast whare it is found plentifully in places and is fine for building covering and finishing houses and is the only timber fit for making rail fences or in fact to split for any other purpose the mountains are generally all covered with impenetrable thickets of evergreen shrubery which is of no use to the farmer or mechanick it being too small and rough for any usefull purpose in some places neare the coast however it is burned into charcoal and some other Districts a certain kind is Burned for the ashes that it produces containing uncommon Quantities of Potash and perhaps soda or some other mineral which enters freely into the operation of soap making in fact the country produces a root that has all the Qualities of soap and requires nothing but smashing and mixing with the water to have good soap suds as the wash women call it

Dec 2^{d} Started out on a Bear hunt crossed the Napa vally and a high rough high rugged mountain and encamped on the north side of the Kiota vally our company consisting of six and a boy and six Extra pack Horses ——

[Dec.] 3 A Frosty night and a cool morning packed up and troted off north ward over a range of hills covered with Chimisall and other shrubery on the side of a steep bald hill we came to a large natural soda fountain which sparkled up in its own rock formed basin this fountain contains a large portion of soda but a small Quantity of gass saw several Bear at a distance which appered to be mostly poor and not worth the shooting saw a number of recently

made tracks four of us parted two to the right and two to the left of our rout

heard a fire commenced by (by) those to our left and soon saw two gray bears coming growling in a direction toward us my companion and me dismounted and as soon as they came in good rifle distance we fired and droped both at the first fire the old shee however did not die Quite so easy but at last gave up after recieving four balls through her vitals

Encamped on the outlet of an Extensive large lake [Clear Lake] Lying noar the summit of a high range of mountains this lake is said to be 80 miles [!] in length from S. E. to N. W. its feeders however must be limited as there is no running water in the outlet only a few miles from the Lake or Lagoona is it is called Feasted Luxuriently on fat Bear ribs and liver — our leaders did not think the Bear plenty Enough to make a full hunt here so we packed up & moved on northward

4 Crossed a low range of Black chimisal mountains and struck the North fork of cache creek hed consultation whither to go North further or change our course to the East finally took the Eeastern rout down Cache creek and encampe[d] at the head of a verry long Rough Kenyon no Bear seen to day ——

5 Took down the Kenyon over immence piles of loose rocks that choked the streaam in its narrow channel our horses however made slow but sure progress down the Kenyon untill at length we found any further passage down the Kenyon impossible so we commenced the assent of a verry steep high mountain on the north side of the creek after greate toil and a profusion of kicks and stripes our animals gained the summit the ridge up which we came being so narrow as to bearly admit of one horse to pass at a time and the sides a nearly perpendicular desent for some thousand feet below The turn of this mountain proved to be a close thicket of Brush through which we forced ourselves to the vally below Encamped on cash creek

6 continued down the vally and crossed near the main mountain here we stoped and Examenid the mountain But found no Bear but saw ennumerable Quantities of deer but as we ware not hunting deer we only killed deer Enough to make camp meat no Bear seen

7 moved on again down the mountain near the greate Sacramento plain saw greate Quantities of deer but no bear and encamped [on] pooter [Putah] creek close under a Kenyon

8 moved up through the Kenyon to near its uppermost verge here we had again to assend a tremendeous high steep mountain almost impracticable for a horse to climb and turn a narrow sharp ridge and

desend again on the oposite side whare we reached a fine vally well stocked with cattle and hoses continued up the vally to the head of the same and Encamped on pooter creek again one man went home and Took all our Extra baggage and a heavy horse load of Bears grease ——

9 Moved up Pooter creek & through and around several steep rocky Kenyons in the afternoon arived at an uneven rocky vally which in any other country might be called a mountain saw some indications of Bear and encamped for the purpose of hunting them several ware soon seen and a number of guns ware fired and one large old fat fellow lay dead the others all making their escape

10 after some considerable hunting and fireing we made out to kill another

11 Two men with pack horses returned home with the slaughtered animals which proved to be very fat

12 Killed one more fine fat bear

13 & 14 hunted hard without (out) sucess

15 A man returned to camp with fresh horses

16 and 17 Slaughtered two more noble animals and got them safe to camp concluded we had pork Enough to answer our purposes

18 slaughtered 17 deer and made preperations for returning home

19 Returned home heavily (heavily) laden with Bear meat and venison

[What follows appears on several pages, below the main entries of the diary]

REMARKS ON BEAR HUNTING

all the bear in this country are of grisled or grey species and are extremely dangerous when wounded and in fact frequently attact the hunter or other passenger without any provocation Except being inturupted in their lair Therefore the hunter has to be verry cautious in his approach and scarcely ever attempts to drive him out of his fastnesses Their time of feeding being in the night the hunter watches him late in the Evening or Early in the morning when he is going to or returning from his feeding grounds Taking if possible the advantage of some inexcessable cliff of rocks Bank or Tree or is mounted on a good swift horse off of which he shoots never dismounting untill the bear is dead generally two or three men go in company and when the bear is discovered they all aproach in good rifle distance one firing one at a time in slow succession when if their balls take a good impression it so confuses the animal that he is kept continually fighting the ball holes which he never fails to do so that he has no time to attact the hunters untill it is to late — one which we had the Luck to kill was seen passing to his lair in the morning after sun

rise two men attacted him and gave him five shots at a vital part of his body when he made his Escape to an allmost impenatrable thicket in an hour after three of us well mounted followed him more than a mile whare we found him badly wounded and in good disposition for a fight I however had the luck to get a shot at him takeing him close behind the shoulder when he broke back for a desperate thicket several guns ware fired at him on his retreat but he made his Lair and defied all our methods to draw him out again untill one man at the risk of himself and horse ventured in to the thicket cutting open a retreat with his butcher Knife at length the bear charged on him the other man standing on an Eminence shot at him as he passed an open aperture through the brush and had the luck to shoot him in the head on butchering him we found nine balls had taken good effect but owing to the greate thickness of the fat on his sides only one had passed in to his lungs he proved to be a noble animal yeelding more than three Hundred pounds of oil ——

The whole of our hunt amounting nine fin fat bear and about 30 Deer

The whole of the country we passed over during our long hunting Excursion is rough and rocky beyond discription and all the rock and Eearth of a volcanic oregin mostly of a vitrious and red cast large Quantities of slag and other volcanic rocks standing universally in a nerly prependicular direction and Extremely rough and sharp the tops and sides covered with several kinds of hardy Evergreen shrubs nearly as sharp and hard as steel and growing generally from 4 to 10 Feet high and closely interwoven the sides of the mountains covered in addition with immence Quantities of loose rock which have fallen from time to time from the higher regions of the cliffs and lay piled in the utmost confusion below ——

20 Fine and clear

21 A hard stiff frosty morning in fact we have had Thirty Two regular successive frosty mornings all though the days have been Quite fine and warm

22 It rained some during the night and morning ——

23 More rain during the night and thick fog all day with several rapid showers of rain

24 A steady rapid rain fell during the whole of the day the first rain of consequence that has fallen since leaving the Willhamett vally on the Eighth of June last

25 December 1845

Chistmas it rained all night the morning thick and foggy with several short Rapid showers the grass and wild oats However is

Quite green and good pastureage —

26 Cloudy & warm

27 Excessive rain

28 Cloudy and warm

29 Excessive rain all the country covered in water even the mountains send down their torrents of water ——

30 A Beautifull clear morning after about Thirty hours of the most Tremendous rain storm That perhaps has ever fallen in the present age which awakned all the frogs which had slept during the dry season and are now chirping in every puddle The season for sowing wheat now commences as Likewise for sowing Turnips, parsnips, cabbages, Onions, garden peas, Barley, and several other vegitables which cannot be produced in the dry hot season ——

Many of the californians scarcely ever taste Bread but live intirely on fresh Beef Beans and Red pepper which they cook all togather and allways cook their beef verry tender or so that it will scarcely hold togather

31 Several Light showers or rain during the afternoon yesterday and each producing a Beautifull bow of Promis all though to look at the vallies you might think a second deluge had commenced ——

a dull cloudy day in the evening distant thunder was heard which is a rare thing and verry uncommon in this country several showers of rain fell during the night — — — —

January the first 1846 dull and foggy with a prospect of more rain It did not rain but distant Thunder was heard at intervals during the day a slight Earth Quake was felt in many parts of the Province some days since this is no uncommon circunstance as it is seldom that six months passes without a Quivering and trimbling of the Eearth in some portion of California allthough I have not heard of any that has done any considerable damage for some years past

2 a dull cloudy day and it commenced raining in the Evening ——

3 It Rained moderately all night a dull cloudy morning with slight showers of rain — about noon it came on to rain rapidly and so continued most of the night ——

4 dull and Foggy I noticed the manseneto trees in full Bloom — This is an evergreen shrub growing in a thick gnarled clump with a smoothe red coloured bark and a deep green leaf and would make a beautifull shade for a door yard it prefers a dry gravelly soil and grows 10 or 12 feet high has a sweet small pink white bloom and bears a sour berry of a dark red colour the size of a small plumb

5 A Rany morning But It cleared up in the afternoon and the sun shone Beautifully onc more —

6 A pleasant day but a cool frosty morning

7 The same Except the frost a little lighter

8 Clear and Pleasant

9 The same

10 Cloudy and warm in fact a coat has been but little needed this winter except in the rain or for a morning.

11 Sunday warm and cloudy fine growing weather verry much resembling a Missouri April or a Eeastern May The Mansoneta in full Bloom — and the wild Oats about acle [ankle] high shewing fine as a wheat field in may of Wisconsin ——

Kiled 14 Deer some fine and fat during the last week

12 Frosty morning

Heard that Mr Fremont had arived at suitors Fort and still more recently that Mr Hastings and Party had likewise arived Both From the U States.[152] But no information has yet arived of the Politicks of the states in fact information of all Kinds Travels slow and is verry uncertain when it has arived you know nothing certain unless you see it yourself

13 Showers of rain with a good prospect of another Flood —— the rain continued untill night

14 Morning clear and bright —— all hands buisy Plowing and sowing wheat Barly &c or at least all that expect to reape their own grain next harvest

The recently arived emigration from the U States appear to be Quite industrious in making preperations for living in some civilized form ——

15 Cloudy & cool

16 showers of rain and Quite warm for the middle of winter

17 Last night was a night of Excessive rain and this morning all the low grounds are again immerced in water the day however proved clear with a N. W. wind

17 Sunday clear an fine with a s[t]iff white frost in the morning K^{d}. 8 Deer

18 Cloudy and warm the wind seldom blows more than an hour or two and that during the commencement of (of) a rainy spell

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152 Frémont on his third trip arrived at Sutter's, by way of Truckee Pass, on December 10, 1845.

Hastings came overland the second time in 1845, arriving at Sutter's on Christmas Day. Robert Semple was a member of Hastings' small party.

In *Ivan Petroff's Abstract of Clyman's Note-Book*, in the Bancroft Library, the first sentence under the entry of January 12 contains an erroneous interpolation as follows: "Heard that Mr. Fremont had arrived at Sutter's Fort (from the north, having changed his mind about returning to the States) and still more recently that Mr. Hastings and party had likewise arrived."

the mountains are high steep and rocky and the rains rapid so that the water soon collects in the vallies and covers nearly the whole Earth in a few hours The rocks generally stand in nearly a perpendicular direction and what water finds its way down through them goes to an immence depth in the Earth what water continues near the surface soon runs of and leaves large dry tracts of rocky mountanous country without or very scantily supplied with water in the dry seasons

19 Cloudy with several Light showers of rain

20 It rained the whole of Last night and still continues to rain with a thick dense fog Had the pleasure of an evinings conversation with M[r] [Isaac A.] Flint from Wisconsin Feel a great Disire to see Millwaukie this morning —

21 and 22 Cloudy and warm The Mansoneto Dropping its Blows the Alder in full Bloom In fact allthough we have had a number of frosty mornings their has been no day but what has been uncomfortable to walk or exercise in any way without feeling a coat Quite to heavy and warm allthough my wintering ground is in a narrow vally nearly surrounded by high rugged mountains and I find it verry little cooler on (on) the mountains than in the vallys during the hours of sun shine but when the sun is hidden a great differanc is precievable

23 Cloudy and warm

24 Clear and warm

25 Thick Foggy morning and temendious heavy dew cleared off about noon fine and warm

Killed during the week 7 Deer

26 Close and warm and damp

27 Considerable rain fell during the night and the day proved showery and cool

28 Showers

29 Clear & cool

30 Considerable rain fell

31 Excessive rains during the night and continued all day the vallies inundated with water again the mountains sending down their Torrents in white foam — The climate of oregon and california resemble each other verry much oregon being somewhat cooler

Sundy the First of February ——— 1846

Killed during the week 8 Deer This day proved clear and pleasant But the country is completely impassable on account of the greate depth of mud and general softness of the earth several thunder showers passed During the last evening and night the Thunder However was low and grmbling & the Lightning not at all vivid or bright.

2 warm and moist the dew standing on the green vegitation throughout the day

3 a cool night and a whit frost this morning the afternoon cloudy

4 Hazy and cool with a brisk wind from the East

5 considerable rain fell during the day

Early sown wheat begins to shew green the Peach trees begining to shew their bloom willow in bloom.

6 Clear and pleasant the grass about ancle high and several kinds of small herbs shewing their Bloom

7 Rainy dull weather

8 Continues to rain with a thick dense fog——

9 Cool and Rainy

10 snow seen on high peaks of the Napa mountain

11 the snow that fell yestarday is still visible and the air chilly and cool

12 Clear with a Keen white frost over all the green vegitation which however did not in the least injure the tenderest herbage

13 another frost not quite so Keen as yestarday both days came off fine and pleasant Garden Peas up and growing finely Beets, Cabbages, Onions Radishes and Turnips all up and thriveing wheat Likewise covers the ground fine and green Horses and cattle thriveing the native grasses and wild oats ancle high Clover begins to cover the groud their is five or six species of native clover to be found all coming from the seed anually some Kinds grow large and strong measuring full grown and straight five or six feet in length and setting emmensely thick on the earth

14 Pleasant & clear

15 same

16 same

17 Clear with a strong north wind the Earth becoming some what drained but not dry by any means

18 clear the Buck Eye shrubs begining to shew their leaf as some of the Black oaks

18 Clear with a fair prspect of the rainy season having come to a close——

19, 20 & 22 Continues clear and fine weather The Buck Eye shrubery shews the leaf as Like wise the Black oak the vallies still wet and muddy but the mountains becomeing dry and covered handsomely green with a thick groth of native herbage

23 same

24 same

25 Rainy with moderate showers fine growing weather these showers continued Throughout the monthe the season for sowing wheate is over as it is considered a very uncertain prospect for wheat to sow after the first of March all kinds of stock and cattle in particular are now thriveing rapidly on the young pastureage whuch is now green and tender this month is usually considered spring in this region but this season is rather more backward than usual and some kinds of timber scarcely shows the swelling of the bud some considerable talk of prepareing for the states and Oregon for both of which parties are making preperations for and both of which are long tiresome and some what dangerous routs so I close the winter or at least the winter months ——

[*Back Cover*]
James Clymans Mem

[BOOK 8]

[*Front Cover*]

March 184[6]

James Clyman
Memorandum
Feby 26 Rainy and disagreeable
27 same only more so
28 cool and cloudy

March the 1st, 1846

J Clyman *1846*

1846
March 1846
Bear Creek

1846 March the first

This is one of the climates that makes a fair and beautifull appearance for the commencement of the vernal season to commence with the opening and springing vegitation all of which makes a forward appearanc many of the oak Trees haveing their leaves half thier size and numerous native flowrets are seen in all directions mostly of a yallow and Purple colour and of a small kind The lowlands However are nearly covered in water from the recent excessive rains which have fallen

An excessive rain fell during last night which overflowed completely the allready half deluged vallies the mountains sending down thier torrents in white sheets of troubled waters in all their ravines — But as the mountains are built of intire rock their is but little except water and gravel to bring down both of which are plenty

2 Cloudy and warm

3 Clear and warm

4 same

5 clear and Beautifull the greate flood of water which deluged nearly all of the vallies is begining to subside and leave the earth green and fine to all appearance but desperately miry and I found it verry difficult for my horse to carry me only a few miles

6 & 7 still clear and fine

8 a beautifull day

9 same a young Mr [Britain?] Greenwood came in haveing been out some weeks hunting and Trapping in the mountains north he brought in a beautifull specemin of pure Sulpher and he informs me he saw greate Quantities of this mineral as Likewise a mineral resembling galena Lead ore in great abundance —— but as Mr Greenwood had the ill luck to loose his specimens [of] Lead ore I cannot say what kind of mineral it was

There is greate Quntities of soda found in many places all Through California and Lye made of ashes is never used in the manufacture of soap but a species of earth is found that answers weell for this purpose and in fact in many places there is found sinks or holes in the earth that fills with water in the rainy seasons and which after it has evaporated considerably by the dry weather has all the appearance and Qualities of Lye made from ashes and is collected for soap making

Mercury or Quecksilver is found in many places and is manufactured in small Quntity [at New Almaden] near the puablau village [of San José] south of the Bay of St Francisco gold is said to Exist in the same neighbourhood but is not worked silver is Likewise said to have been found near the same place

Small Quantities of magnetic Iron may be seen in many places But I have not heard of any Iron being manufactured in any part of the country some portions of the countrey is said abound in salt but the salt used in california is brought from the Sandwich Islands and is Quite cheap Salt is an article not much used by the californians

10 Many of the oak Trees make a fine shade and summer seems to be fast approaching allthough the mountains are still covered white in snow Lettuce and Radishes plenty whare any attention has been paid to gardening ——

From the Eighth untill the 15th the weather was fine clear and warm during the hours of sunshine but cool at night and the particular in the mornings which ware chilly and require a coat to feel comfortable

15 The morning somewhat overcast and cool but the sun soon drove off the Haze and shone warm and pleasant

16 Cool and somewhat Cloudy wind from the north in the afternoon some light showers of hail or snow fell the first I have seen fall in the vallies sinc I have been in California

17 The sun arose in his usu[al] bright majesty and splendor. Of all places this is the country for news or false reports there being no report that can be relid on except you have some personal Knowledge of the matter a report is now rife that Capt Fremont has raised the american flag in Monteray and all good citizens are caled on to appear forthwith to appear at Sonoma armed and (and) Equiped for service under General Byaho [Vallejo] to defend the rights and priviledges of Mexican citizens[153]

21 From the 17 until the 21st the weather was cool with several

[153] Cf. *General Vallejo's Midnight Proclamation,* March 14, 1846, this *Quarterly,* Vol. IV, p. 387.

showers of hail and notwithstanding the vegitation has a show of midsumer yet we had several frosty mornings but I could not precieve the slightest alteration in the appearance of the tenderest vegitable It appears from information now recieved that the alarm mentioned a few days since was created By Mr Freemont having raised an american Flag at his camp neare the Mision of St. Johns, and that he was caled on to apeare before some of the so caled Legal authorities whice he declined to do Aand this cercumstance alarmed all of the Californians and caused General Castro to rais 400 men which report says are now under arms at Monteray no report However can be relied on as but few men in this Country can write you may form some Idea of what reports are carried verbally from one to two hundred Miles by an ignorant supersticious people

Clyman's Message to Frémont

Apparently it was upon this day, after receiving information of Frémont's trouble, that Clyman determined to make an offer of assistance — a company of armed American immigrants. His letter was evidently taken to Frémont by the same Mr. Flint whom Clyman mentioned on January 20. Unfortunately the original of Frémont's reply has not been found among the Clyman papers. Ivan Petroff saw Frémont's letter in Clyman's possession in 1878 and preserved a copy.

[Frémont's Answer to Clyman]

[Ivan Petroff's Abstract of Clyman's Note-Book, p. 26. MS, Bancroft Library]

[Copy]

To James Clyman, Esq.
at Yount's Mills, California

Dear Sir:

Your favor of the 21st ultimo has been received through the kindness of Mr. Flint, some time since, but as the subject matter is one of the gravest importance I have taken time to consider before venturing upon a definite reply. I am placed in a peculiar position. Having carried out to the best of my ability, my instructions to explore the far west, I see myself on the eve of my departure for home, confronted by the most perplexing complications. I have received information to the effect that a declaration of war between our Government and Mexico is probable, but so far this news has not been confirmed. The Californian authorities object to my presence here and threaten to overwhelm me. If peace is preserved I have no right or business here; if war ensues I shall be out numbered ten to one and be compelled to make good my retreat pressed by a pursuing enemy. It seems that the only way open to me is to make my way back eastward, and as a military man you must perceive at once that an increase of my command would only encumber and not assist my retreat through a region where wild game is the only thing procurable in the way of food. Under these circum-

stances I must make my way back alone and gratefully decline your offer of a company of hardy warriors

And remain

Yours Respectfully

JOHN C. FREMONT

Camp on Feather River [?]
December 19th 1845. [!]

It would be interesting to know what the date of Frémont's reply actually was. The date appearing on the copy is obviously wrong. It was Petroff's custom to interpolate, and he may have supplied both the place and the date. The style of the letter is almost certainly that of Frémont and there is no reason to doubt the authenticity of the document.

Assuming that Clyman wrote on March 21, Frémont would not have answered from the Feather River during the following week and have found it necessary to speak of delay in forwarding his answer. He was at Lassen's on the 30th, having left Sutter's about the 23d. He returned to Lassen's on April 11 and left again on the 14th. He possibly answered the letter during this second visit to Lassen's.

On his return from Oregon Frémont camped on the Feather River about June 10. Clyman was by this time over the mountains on his way home. His departure with Hastings should have been known to Frémont, who addressed the answer to Yount's Mills, where Clyman had been on March 31.

It is likely that Frémont answered before his journey to Klamath Lake, but there may be two objections to this theory.

In the first place Frémont mentions the receipt of information regarding the probability of a declaration of war. And secondly, in a statement to Petroff in 1878 Clyman said that, "The interval [referring to the gap in the Diary after August 21, 1845] was occupied principally with hunting and that upon the request of many young men who had already become disgusted with the country he [Clyman] set about to organize a party for returning to Oregon and eventually to the States. Previous to making final arrangements Mr. Clyman wrote to Col. Frémont and offered him the able-bodied men he could control (over fifty), but the offer was declined though this was after the Colonel had heard from the States through Mr. Gillespie. Clyman then went on with his arrangements," — *Petroff's Abstract of Clyman's Note-Book*, MS, Bancroft Library.

The discrepancy here is that Clyman had already made final arrangements and was starting on his way east upon Gillespie's first arrival at Sutter's Fort, April 28.

If Frémont's answer was written in March or April he was evidently refusing Clyman's offer either because the time was not ripe for conquest or, as is more likely, because he had no expectations of military activity. If the answer was written in May or June he was dissembling his real purposes or concealing his moral support of the Bear-flagers. It is barely possible that Clyman's offer had emboldened Frémont sufficiently to cause his return to California after Gillespie's message was received.

That Clyman's proposal was a bona fide offer of military assistance

and not merely a suggestion to join forces for the homeward trip is fairly evident.

In the first place it seems that Clyman was moved to write to Frémont just at the moment when the Colonel appeared to need assistance. And especially significant is Frémont's statement that "the subject is one of the gravest importance."

I can find no support for Bancroft's statements that Clyman "desired to unite his company to that of Frémont for the return trip — or, as he claims, for a movement against the Californians," — *History of California,* Vol. V, p. 23. Clyman left no such statement of his motives. The evidence available seems to show that he simply desired to aid Frémont in case of danger from attack.

That Clyman had no precocious schemes of conquest is manifest from the following observations of William Hargrave, — *Dictation to Ivan Petroff,* MS, Bancroft Library.

Speaking of the events preceding the Bear Flag movement Hargrave said:

> Some bad feeling was also created by the departure early in 1846 of Col. James Clyman and a large company of hardy frontiersmen. The Colonel had only arrived the previous summer with a party from Oregon and after traveling about and engaging our hospitality and the pleasures of deer and bear hunting he took most of his original party and some others who had become disgusted out of the country again at a time when the patriots who meditated the conquest of California had need of every trusty arm and rifle within reach. Col. Clyman however claimed to have offered his force to Fremont and that the offer was refused.

[Continuation of the Clyman Diaries]

[March] 22 A stiff white frost

Report further states that (that) Gen[l]. Castro marche[d] his valerous troops to Capt Fremonts camp whare he found numerous pack saddles and various other Baggage and a considerable Quantity of Specie which cap[t] Freemont had unavoidably left in his rapid retreat

23 Another Frost

Heard of a small party Leaving the south part of california For St. A.fee and (and) the United States by the way of Chiwauewa

24 Still another Frost Active preperations making for the departure of a company or two who are going to Oregon with cattle and Horses this company will consist of 60 or 80 persons mostly of those that came in last season I do not recollect of having mentioned heretofore that the Emigration from the states [during 1845] cosisted of about 150 persons 30 or 40 of which are now going to columbia as oregon is here called —

From The 24 untill the 31. Weather fair and cool some slight frosts occasionally Kept packing or rather making pack saddle and other preperations for my intended start for the U. States finaly lift on the 31 the head of Napa vally and proceeded down 18 miles to Mr Yount the vally is far from being dry but is passable — M[r] yount is

an american that has been in the mexican country for 13 or 14 years and has a Flouring and saw mill in opperation both of which are profitable and as far as I could learn this [is] the only Flouring mill in the province

1846 April the 1st Cool with a strong west wind and several light shower of rain

Left Mr. Younts and proceeded down Nappa vally thorough several sloughs and mud holes passed a farm on our left belonging [to] Signor St Salvador Byaho [Vallejo] (discribe it)

This Ranche of General Byahos contains 33 Leages of land equal to (14600) one hundred and Forty six Thousand acres and allthough he is the largest farmer in Callifornia yet a very small portion of this immence Tract is in cultivation perhaps not more than 4 or 500 acres all the rest being left for the pastureage of his stock haveing 12 to 15,000 head of neat cattle 7 or 8,000 head of Horses 2, or 3,000 head of sheep he has also 300 wrking men with their usual proportion of Females and children all Kept in a nearly naked state and pooly fed and never paid a cent for their labour

(discribe the generals)

St Salvadors farm as we rode past did not make a very flatering or Tasty appearance being scattered and strung some 4 or 5 miles in length and from 20 to 40 rods wide and whare fenced at all the fence was made of small willows stucke in the earth and wove back and forth into a frail open kind of wicker work the small perishable meterials Requiring to be renewed every season and this is a common discription of a california farm there being but few spots of land moist enough for cultivation Except along the meanders of som small streame

(wild oats —

This is the greatest oat field (in) perhaps on the globe containing tow or three hundred thousand acres of land and what is most remarkable scarcely a bunch of grass or a weed to be seen notwithstanding this immence Quantity of native grow[n] oats yet you never see a grain fed to an animal all is suffered to fall off when ripe to seed the earth for another crop or to feed the millions of water fowl that resort here in the winter or rainy season at this season it has a beautiful appearanc the earth being thickly clad in deep green foilage as regular as a well set meadow

[*Napa Valley to Johnson's Ranch*]

2 clear and Quite cool Left the oat Field with its Beautiful smoothe green hills and plains and as we had no place to breakefast we rode to Mr Wolfscales for dinner in Eevening we arived at Mr

Gordons whare I found six or Eight young men making preperations for their return to oregon with Horses and Cattle all being completely disgusted with California and Quite wiling to return to whare the manners and customs of the inhabitants is more in unison with civilization than can be found in this half Barberous half Indian population which is seen in all parts of Spanish america

3 Remaind withe M[r] Gordon who is a verry friendly man and verry acomodating to his country men whare ever found —

4 The night was clear with slight frost this morning From all that I can Learn I think that our company for the states will be small our Horses took a stampide or fright last night and cannot be seen in any direction this morning most of the men spoken of yestarday are of the party that came from Oregon last season with the Expectation of finding California little short of a Paradse but like most of the pleasure and fortune hunters find themselves awfully disapoiented and are willing to try the long and dangerous road back to Oregon ——

Found our Horses without much difficulty I Returned back to Mr Wolfscales for the purpose of drying some beif as Traveling stock

5 Procured beef of Mr Wolfscale and commenced drying has fine young cattle and they are now fat and Excelent Beef Mr Wolfscale has (has) a Beautifull Ranche of Three Leages of land finely situated on a small River [Putah Creek] whare it bursts through a rough mountain an enters the greate sacramento plain But notwithstanding his fine place and rapid increasing stock his is far from being satisfied and is now making preperations to go to Oregon next season and take with him about 2,000 Head of neat Cattle and a beautifull herd of Horses

6 nothing can look more beautifull than this country dose at this season of the year numerous kinds of small herbage being now full grown and som Quite ripe allthough the larger Kinds are now in full Bloom and miles of this greate plain is litterly a bed of Posies and prevailing species being deep Bright gold yellow so bright as to dazzel the eye sight under a clear sun for you see no clouds at this season of any consequence and now is the middle of a Californian Summer and would answer well for June in the middle states fall sown wheat now heading

7 Clear and bright with a dew like rain finished makeing or drying meat and Returned to Mr. Gordns again the nights continue cool

In fact this is a common trail of all the country lying near the pacific coast while the interior especially the low vallies are scorched with drough and night and day for 4 months at least every season and

some seasons occasionally pass of without any rain such summers become so dry as for to distroy Quantities of stock and human lives likewise if they Exercise much during the day But at such times the inhabitants of the interior remove to the mountains

Along the coast However no season passes without rain and every morning has its fog and every afternoon its sea Breeze a coat is comfortable every morning the year round and you find woolen clothing necessary during the whole day very frequently

8 arived at M^{r} Gordons last Evening mad a tolerable show for rain and this morning still shews lowering But the time for much rain in this vally is now passed allthough rains are frequent yet on the coast and not unfrequent in the mountains

9 a slight shower of rain fell last night the day clear and pleasant with a strong west wind

10 another light shower of rain fell during the night with a strong cool wind from the N. our company slow collecting and I am waiting for some one to pass as I cannot drive my pack animals alone

It is imposable to hurry any person in california whare time is no object and every man must have his own time to sleep and move about buissiness as though he was pained to move or even breathe

11 and 12 Fine cool weather this is the common season for Planting corn Pumpkins beans and Mellons

13 Packed up and lef Mr Gordons on our way to Suitors Fort on the same Trail that we passed last July vegitation now full grown and the mosketoes proved verry troublesome passed Mr Knights and continued down the sacreemento river along a (a) small horse Trail the only Traveled road that pases through or rather around thies bay of St Francisco

A short distance above our camp apeared a large colony of Shaggs (a large black duck) whare they ware building and kept up a continual hoarse squaking all night while innumerable Quantities of Brant kept screeming in a large Flag march in an aposite direction assisted by the howling of wolves

14 Extremely heavy dew

Left our musical neighbours and proceeded down the Trail a couple of hours which [brought] us to Mr. [Thomas M]. Hardy^{s}. at the Junction of the sacremento withe Feather Rivir the latter is one of the principle Tributaries of the sacrimento and is about 200 yards wide at its mouth here we crossed over our baggage in a small Canoe and swam our animal over the main stream being upwards of 400 yards over Mr Hardy gave us his assistance all being safely over we packed and proceeded up Feather about 7 mile and encamped the

whole or nearly the whole of the country pased since yestarday noon is overflown in high water and is now well stocked with moketoes and water fowl The mountains ahead shew a long regular chain all white with snow about 30 or 40 miles distant

15 Passed M[r] Nichols [Nicholaus Altgeier] Early and got directions of a Dutchma[n] [probably Altgeier] how to steer our course to Johnstons & Kizers [William Johnson and Sebastian Keyser] whare those intending to go to the states are assmbling traveled all day steadily over a dry arid plain the vegitation not exceding three inches high generaly composed of a small groth of weeds now in bloom and covering the earth in a yallow garment the whole distance we had to travel this morning being 15 mile we encamped in all Probability farther of[f] from our Place of distination than we ware in the morning theere being no such thing as even a path to follow and I advise all travelers hereafter to be carefull and allways take their own Ideas of the rout in preferance to follow the directions of a dutchman for he will confus all the small Ideas you ever had in place of giving you any new ones

16 Left our lost camp and (and) changed our course in a contrary direction that is north Instead of south and in about 4 Hours steady traveling over the same dry hard soil we came in sigh[t] of civilization again if cattl Horses and Indians can be so called arived at M[r] [Lansford W.] Hastings camp on Bear creek a small river Running into Feather River about noon M[r] Hastings welcomed us to his cam[p] in a warm and Polite manner and we unpacked under the shade of a spreading oak tree — Mr Jonston who owns the Ranche is like all of his california neighbours 15 miles from the nighest inhabitant and not even a track leading to or from his place at this season of the year allthough in a dry time all the emigration from the states pass

17 Purchased a beef and commenced Drying a portion for sea stock

18 Continued in camp making preperations — — The weather could not be finer not a cloud to be seen and the beautifull transparency of Heavens is finely accompanied by a cool northern Breeze

19 Still Remain in camp makeing preperations

20 Mr. [Owen] Sumner [Sr.] and his Family arived all prepared for their Journy Mr Sumner has been in Oregon from thence to California and still being dissatisfied is now returning to the states again after haveing [spent] nearly five years in Traveling from place to place as Likewise a small fortune

21 Cool and windy all the company that we expect are all

assembled and consist of nineteen men three women and three children with a large herd of Horses and mules

22 Still cool with a strong South wind verry disagreeable several light showers of rain fell but not enough to lay the dust 18 miles

[*Across the Sierra*]

23 Left our camp in the valle of Bear creek and commenced assending the mountains which approach to within a few miles of our camp our travel to day was over moderate hills cowered with dry shrubby oaks and pine timber withe various small open glades and small prairies soil (hard whare dry) of a dark red clay mixed in gravel in the after noon we met two indians or rather came upon them who immediately rushed in to the rocks and thickest and immediately disappeared this is the general character of all the natives of the mountains allthough these natives are within a few miles of the greate plains and look down upon thair half civilized neighbours below yet no inducement can be held out to induce them to come down

24 a Keen white frost covering all the vegitation made an early move and traviled over a rough uneven range of hills untill late in the afternoon had several views of the snow cape[d]. mountain still Keeping an east course paralel with Bear creek came to deep ravine all most perpendicular over which upwards of 50 wagons had passed last autumn with a greate deal of labour and difficulty came to spots of new fallen snow desended into the Kenyon of Bear creek the snow becomeing more plenty as we passed up this narrow rocky passage the stream roaring and pitching over it[s] narrow rocky bed

at dusk we came to a small vally surrounded by high rugged mountains mostly covered with snow which to all appearance had lain on the earth since last december made 27 mile and encamped on a small noll which was bear of snow

25 Spent a cold uncomfortable night for shortly after dark the wind arose and blew a strong gale all night from the snow cap[t]. mountains which stand in cold and awfull grandure a few miles to the East we ware out Early Examining the vally to see whare our anemall can procure the best grazing moved up the narrow vally about a mile pitched our tents to await the arival of some of our company that is yet behind allthough the night produced ice strong enough to bear a man and the snow reaches down into the vally itself yet the young grass is up in spots sufficient to make tolerable grazeing here we expect to remain several days before we attact the region of all most Eternal snow and ice which is not more than one mile ahead

26 Remain in camp this is warm and quite comfortable considering our greate elevation and the Quantity of snow that surrounds us Nothing can be more tedious and disagreeable than waiting for company after you have made all your preperations for so long and dangerous a Journy as that in which we have now embarked our party consisting of six men only we considered our selves two weak to venture to drive our way through and it apears Quite uncertain when the rear of our company will Join us so that we remain here in continual anxiou suspence without any object to relieve anxiety the only animals seen in this vally is a pair of small Prairie wolves which anoy us by eating off the raw hide tugs which we have to tie up our animals and allthough the wolves are scarcely ever out of sight yet they are so watchfull that we cannot come in gunshot of them

27 [Misplaced in the MS] Still remain in camp waiting for more company stiff Frost every night in region of snow and Ice

Walked out to the N. E. of the vally on the point of a Ledge of rock here you have a view or touch of the sublime awfull the first thing that attracts your notice is a high rough ridge of snow cap^{d}. mountains proceede a little further the ridge desends in front into an impassable cliff of Black rocks divested of any Kind of covering still further and (and) you behold a river dashing through an awfull chasm of rocks several thousand feet below you your head becomes dizzy and you may change the [view] to [the] right here at the distance you have ridges of snow and ridges of pine timber to the Left you have a distant view of the eternal cliffs of black volcanic rocks that bound the river Eubor

28 Still Remain in camp allthough all the company that we had Eexpected arived yestarday Evening and it is thought by those best acquainted [with] this rout that it will be impracticable to cross the mountains at this time several of us are However verry anxious to try and assertain that fact several large grey Bear ware seen this morning 25 [miles.]

29 Left our camp on bear Creek immediately assended a steep mountain to the south side of the vally and in about one hours ride came to the snow turned and wound around the south side [of] a mountain to avoid the deep drifts of snow that completely filled the small vallies about noon came to the Euba [Yuba] river running N. W. Kept up the stream several miles when we found the snow so deep on the W. side that we could not travel crossed over to the E side of the stream and Kept up near a rough granite mountain through immence drifts of snow and water the day being Quite warm the ravine neare flooded withe water and deep in snow the whole

of the way for road we had none at all is covered thickly with a large grothe of pine and Firr a short time before sundown we came to a halt on the steep rough side of a point of rocks whare we found bear ground Enough to bearly camp on and not a spear of grass for our poor animal which had traveled all day in snow and mud so we tied them up immediately after unpacking the Euba roring through its snowy bed.

30 Early under way in hope that the snow would bear us to travel over the crust but as it did not [freeze] much during the night we found our progress but slow all the ravines running full of water under the snow our pack horses ware continually stuck fast and Floundering in the snow to avoid this we assended a steep rocky mountain to the north of our rout but on ariving near the top we found the snow much deeper and (and) as it had not been much thawed during the day privious it would not carry us atall however after an hours plunging and several times repacking we at length desended again to an open Prarie vally that [lies] at the immediate head of Euba and about noon came to an Entire halt for the rest of the day haveing made 3 miles

May the First 1846

Got under way early the [snow] was hard Enough to bear up handsomely some 2 miles when we arived at the summit of the mountain (the snow being from 3 to 8 feet deep) here we commenced the desent over steep Pricipices rough granite Rock covered in many places through the chasms with snow 15 or 20 feet deep and luckily for us we lost no horses allthough we had to force them down several perpendicular cliffs afer about 3 hours unpacking and repacking we succeeded in clearing the steepest pitches of the whole length of which is not one mile you may imagine that we felt a happy relief to find ourselves on bear ground onc more which we found at the head of truckys [Donner] lake a small sheet of water about two miles in length and half a mile wide the N hill sides being intirely clear of snow but verry little green vegitation made six miles and encamped at the foot of the Lake

2 Proceeded down the vally of Truckee[s]. River through open pine woods and here we first saw the plains covered with wild sage the chain of mountains we have Just past is the same called the cascade chain in Oregon and is generally covered with several Kinds of Pine Firr and other evergreen timber. and here I found out that I had the misfortune to loose my gunlock some whare in the Everlasting snows that we had Just pase[d]. we made a short days travel and encamped on Johns creek to recriut our half starved animals who had been three

days and two nights without a mouthfull of forrage haveing traveled not more than 6 miles this camp is in a large cove in the mountains which are all covered whit in snow now melting rapidly on the lower ranges or hill the vally however is barren and no signs of game is to be seen a few naked natives ware seen to day

3 Proceeded on Early about 4 miles to a fine vally of green grass whare we unpacked again for the day to give our animals a chance to recruit after their long and hard fatiegue several showers of snow fell during the morning and the day was cool and Blustring with the drifts of snow several natives have been about our camp and appear to be friendly they are a poor race and their country is poorly supplied with game and [they] manafacture a kind [of] robe of Rabbit skins which they cut into small stripes and weave them togather with the lint of some kind of weeds from which they Likewis make ropes for snares and fishing tackel in the evening it commenced snowing rapedly and the snofell several inches deep so you may imagin that we spent no verry comfortable night it slaked up toward morning This if vally it may be called is Quite uneven and generally covered in pine timber not of the best Quality Here likewise we saw large camace marshes on which the natives at this season of the [year] Exist mostly in a raw state

4 as the snow covered all the grass we packed and ware early on the way crossed Quite a large creek which has been called wind River a tributary of Truckeys River and proceeded to cross a considerable of a ridge and desended again into a small rich vally 8 miles from our former encampment the natives are still around our encampent nearly naked and do not seem to complain of cold allthough we can hardly get clothes enough on us to keep ourselves comfortable about noon the sun shone out a few minuets which desolved the most of the new fallen snow in southerm exposures but the evening was verry cold and wind[y] with some few flakes of fine snow but considerable snow fell on the mountains only a few miles from us — The tribe we are now passing through call themselves as well as understood Washee [Washoe]

5 A cool night proceeded S Easteerly about 4 miles and came to the main Truckies River whare it first leaves the timbred mountains and Enters the open Bald hills which would be mountains in any other country The river is about 40 yards wide and falls rapidly over a rough rocky bed the weather cloudy cool and a strong west wind continually blowing to day for the first since we set out no snow is to be seen ahead but any Quantity is to be seen a little to the south of our rout continued down the valy of the River 6 miles and en-

camped in a fine vally of Excelent grass one aged native followed us from our Last encampment and seems to have greate attatchment for us or for the provisions that he can beg the chasm that Truckies River runs in for it cannot be caled a vally is verry rocky mostly of small sized stones all granite or Baysalt with various mixtures

6 proceeded down the river crossing and takeing the South side at about 8 miles we came to a deep muddy Brook running through a handsome prairie vally went up the Brook about 3 miles before we found a crossing passed down along side of a steep volcanick mountain shewing immence Quantities of rough slagg and other vitrified matter entered the last Kenyon and passed down to a small vally whare stoped for the night the day was extremely rough and windy the wind Blowing from the S. W. so strong that it nearly blew some of the Ladies from their saddles and we could see that the mountains behind us experienced an awfull snow storm while we ware nearly blest with sunshine a feew spits of snow and rain fell on us and we suffered from the cold. our course a little N of E. 12 miles

7 A little before day it began to snow and snowed rapidly untill about noon haveing a bad camp for our animals we packed up and moved on down the river about 6 miles it continued to snow all the way but finding better pasture we stoped all our progress yestarday and to day the mountains on Either side are bare of timber verry high and ruged mostly composed of Baysalt, Granite and an occasional ridge of rough slate we have seen no game larger than a rabbit and but verry few of them about one oclock the sun broke out and the snow soon disappeared in the [v]allies (afternoon) continued down the south side of the river. verry high rounded bluff and in fact mountains approach so near that we had to assend one of them 1½ miles of steep assent brought us to the top immediately desended again to the river and continued down encamped at sun set emmidst the most subbime specimens of volcanic mountains all rounded and made up of all colours and hues from brick red to chalk white 13 miles today

8 After unpacking our horses some one of our party examined a floating Fishing machien that lay a fuw steps from us moored in the river and (and) found an old Indian that had been in managing his fishing spears when we rode up and was so frightned that it was with some difficulty that we coaxed him out after some [delay] however he gained courage and came out and slept with us during the night this morning he made us a present of several beautifull large salmon Trout and we [left] him to persue his fishing again unmolested

Persued our way doun the river about 6 miles to whare we leave to

cross the plains for the sink of Marys river here Truckies river makes a great bend turning nearly N and falls into a lake at some 12 miles distant the day is Quite cold with a strong N. W. wind vegetation Just begining to spring and many places the willow scarcely shews the bud

The several parties which have passed through this region have each given this stream a different name Truckies River and Salmon Trout River But as the tribe of natives inhabiting this stream and the ajacent country call themselves the Waushew tribe or nation I think it would [be] crrect to call the stream by the same name viz Waushee River

9 Struck of to the East leaveing the River to take it course north soon came near the pount of a low range of Black volcanic mountains and observed numerous specimins of rock formed by concreeton from spring that must have existed many years since in fact all the country passed through to day has at some distant period been one immence boiling caldron and is now strewed over with some thousands of upright rocks which have been onc immence projectors of Liquid steam and have discharged immence Quantities of mud which now fills the whole plain over which we pass[d]. and several miles perhaps 8 of this days travel was over a white sheet of salt incrusted passed over and in sight of Large beds of Chalk Likewise which has been involved in Boiling water a low rang of Black slagg lay to our left all day of the moste thirsty sterile appearance near sun set we stoped at some holes of Brackish water haveing traveled 30 miles to day

at about 15 miles or half way from Waushee river to the first water near May[s]. Lake still exist a cauldron of Boiling water no stream isues from it [at] present but it stands in several pools Boiling and again disappearing some of these pools have beautifull clear water Boiling in them and others emit Quantites of mud into one of these muddy pools my little water spaniel Lucky went poor fellow not knowing that it was Boiling hot he deliberately walked in to the caldron to slake his thirst and cool his limbs when to his sad disappointment and my sorrow he scalded himself allmost insantly to death I felt more for his loss than any other animal I ever lost in my life as he had been my constant companion in all my wandering since I Left Milwawkee and I vainly hoped to see him return to his old master in his native village (But such is nature of all earthy hopes) for several miles back we had been traveling over the bed of a former Lake which to all appearanc has not been dry more than 10 or 15 years. and now forms a salt plain and how far to the South it extends I canot tell

[TO BE CONTINUED]

SPOTLIGHTS ON THE POLITICAL HISTORY OF CALIFORNIA FROM 1887 TO 1898

The more I delved into the political history of California from 1887 to 1898, the more convinced did I become that the majority of those movements in history whose results have remained permanent have been evolutionary rather than revolutionary; that is, instead of occurring on the spur of the moment, as it were, they have undergone a process of gradual development and ever increasing agitation until the time was ripe for their being put into operation. Practically all the reforms of the Johnson administration, for example, were agitated for at least twenty-five years before being enacted into laws.

The San Francisco *Evening Bulletin* once said that the Senate personnel had rapidly declined in ability since the days of Clay, Calhoun, and Webster, and thought that the only way this state of affairs could be reformed was to have an amendment added to the Federal Constitution providing for the direct election of Senators by the people. In 1889 the California legislature sent a resolution to Washington proposing such an amendment, and two years later asked the people of the Golden State to take a straw vote on the question at the next general election, with the result that at the general election of 1892 the California electorate approved the plan by an overwhelming majority. Please remember this was in 1892, but it was not until 1913 that the seventeenth amendment, providing for the direct election of the members of the upper branch of the national legislature, was added to the Constitution of the United States.

Before leaving this subject I wish to state that, although the caliber of the Senate has doubtless continued to decline during late years, I do not believe this decline is due to the seventeenth amendment. On the contrary, the men who have represented California in the federal upper chamber since 1913 have, if anything, been better qualified for their task than were most of their predecessors. This was clearly illustrated in 1920, when for the first time in history a Senator from California was a prominent candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination.

Ever since the early seventies various bills in various forms had been presented to the California legislature advocating suffrage for women, and when the Constitutional Convention of 1878-79 was drawing up California's present instrument of government, an abortive attempt was made to have a woman's suffrage clause included in the document. By 1894, however, the agitation with regard to this ques-

tion had become so keen that all the political parties, with the exception of the Democratic, put a female suffrage plank in their respective platforms. As the Republicans were in complete control of the Legislature of 1895, they thought it expedient to go through the motions, at least, of carrying out their campaign pledge. A bill was passed by the assembly giving women the right to vote. The senate refused to endorse the measure, however, because, as the Constitutional Convention of 1879 had declined to allow the fair sex the privilege of voting, the bill as passed by the lower house was unconstitutional. In its stead, the upper chamber passed a woman's suffrage bill in the form of a constitutional amendment for submission to the electorate. Until the very close of the session, however, the assembly refused to accept the senate alteration, and for this reason the measure appeared doomed. But just a few moments before the final adjournment, the house surrendered, and the question was voted upon at the general election of 1896. Woman's suffrage in California would have gone into operation in that year instead of in 1910 had the voters of Alameda and San Francisco counties not cast their ballots against it.

In all large gatherings such as places of amusement, traveling conveyances, and deliberate bodies, there are always one or two self-appointed comedians who endeavor to attract the attention of the crowd by making what seem to them extremely funny actions or funny speeches, perhaps both. The California legislature has had its full share of such comedians, as was clearly illustrated during the woman's suffrage debates in 1895. The chief "funny man" in the lower house at this time, denouncing the measure, said: "Suppose, as a result of the adoption of woman's suffrage, the government of the country should fall entirely into the hands of women, and while our female governors were in the pangs of childbirth, the United States should be invaded by a foreign power, what would happen then?"

The chief comedian of the senate was a dear old chap whom everyone adored, named Dr. Noble Martin. He was of the opinion that, should woman's suffrage be adopted, the women would attend the political conventions while the men stayed home to take care of the children. It is interesting to note, however, that Doctor Martin voted in favor of the measure.

During this period bills were continually being brought before the legislature advocating the adoption of the initiative and the referendum and, as will doubtless be guessed, were voted down by overwhelming majorities. The attitude of the press of that day with regard to these questions was extremely interesting to the writer of this article. The San Francisco *Examiner* was of the opinion that the initiative would

cause confusion, but that the referendum would give the people more control over the legislature, prevent the passage of obnoxious laws, and promote a wider popular interest in government. The *Bulletin,* on the other hand, opposed both measures on the ground that they would lead to confusion and deconcentrate responsibility.

As early as 1893 a bill was brought before the assembly advocating the adoption of the "Direct Primary." In reporting this measure to his papers, the Sacramento correspondent of the *Bulletin* remarked: "Should such a bill become a law, things would be made very uncomfortable for the politicians," and added that it was causing much comment at the Capital on account of its extremely unique character.

Many measures were brought to the attention of the legislature during this time advocating pensions for superannuated school teachers, and at first they were not very cordially received either by the legislature or by the press. One assemblyman thought that if such a measure was adopted everyone should be pensioned who worked for a living. The *Bulletin* expressed its opinion thus: "The authors of the Teachers' Pension Bill say that fresh minds are needed to instruct the young. It stands to reason, though, that a teacher who has reached the age of fifty-five does better work than he did at twenty, because of his experience." In 1897, however, a teachers' pension bill similar to the law now on the statute books passed both branches of the legislature, but failed to receive Governor Budd's signature.

Even the prohibition movement gained some ground in this period, for the prohibitionists formed a political party and in 1889 the State capitol became legally dry. Previous to this time there existed in the basement of that building a combination of restaurant and bar known as "The Well." This place was patronized by senators and assemblymen to such an extent as to interfere with the business of legislation, and so in 1889 the bar was closed though the restaurant was allowed to remain. However, during the sessions of 1891-93 and '95 Assemblyman Bledsoe was constantly declaring that liquor was being sold in "The Well," and demanding an investigation. The speaker would immediately appoint a committee for that purpose, which in due time always reported that the charge was utterly without foundation. There is little doubt, however, that the bootleggers of that day did a thriving trade in "The Well," just as they are doing in the rest of the country at the present time.

I wonder how many of my readers are aware that in 1893 the capital of California came very nearly being removed to San Jose, all because of a piece of pettishness on the part of the legislature? Two days before the adjournment of that body, the Sacramento *Bee*

printed an editorial stating that everybody would breathe a sigh of relief when the two houses disbanded. Of course, this was anything but flattering to the legislators, so when Senator Seymore introduced a resolution to submit to the people the question as to whether the capital should be removed from Sacramento to San Jose it was carried with a whoop and was given a similar reception by the assembly. For many days thereafter the newspapers throughout the State devoted most of their space to this subject. Some argued that the change ought to be made because San Jose was more centrally located than Sacramento and had a better climate. Others contended that such an action would be extravagant and silly, because the present capitol building had been constructed at great cost and pains, was an extremely beautiful structure with extremely beautiful grounds, and could be used for no other purpose. As can readily be imagined, the fact that their city stood a good chance of becoming the governmental center of the State filled the people of San Jose with great joy, and within less than twenty-four hours after the passage of the resolution by the senate a deputation of leading citizens headed by the mayor arrived in Sacramento to thank the legislature for the favor conferred upon them and to assure it that everything would be done to make San Jose an ideal state capital. When the senate and assembly finally adjourned, the members were invited to the Garden City where they were royally entertained, and Senator Seymore was made the hero of the occasion. But the joy of the good people of San Jose was shortlived, for the electorate decided that the seat of government should continue at Sacramento.

The more the average citizen will take time from his other duties to read the Constitution of the United States, the less likely he is to be bamboozled by the politicians, and in consequence will have a cleaner and better government. This was clearly illustrated during the period we have been considering. In 1890 the Republicans nominated as their candidate for governor Colonel H. H. Markham of Pasadena. The Democrats broadcast the cry that if Markham were elected he might succeed in having Southern California separated from the northern half. The Republican nominee replied that he would be unable to do this no matter how much he might wish to, because the Constitution strictly prohibited the separation of a State. "It is quite true," said the worthy colonel, "that West Virginia was separated from Virginia, but this was a war measure." He forgot, evidently, that with the sanction of Congress Kentucky was separated from Virginia some years after the Federal Constitution had come into operation. Again, in 1898 Henry T. Gage, the Republican nominee for Chief Executive,

stated continually that his Democratic opponent, James G. Maguire, who was at that time a member of the House of Representatives, could have prevented the passage of a certain obnoxious bill by simply saying, "I object."

It is interesting to note that the intense bitterness against the Chinese during the 'seventies had to a large extent abated by 1890. During the political campaign of that year the *Examiner* published a letter which Markham was supposed to have written ten years previously, in which he declared it a good thing that certain of his Irish employes had been gotten rid of, because their places could now be filled by Chinamen. Had Mr. Markham been a candidate in 1880 instead of 1890, the publication of this letter would have made his election very doubtful, if not impossible. But now all it did was to give the partisan newspapers something to squabble over, and the Republican nominee was elected by a good majority.

Those readers who know something about that wonderful repository of material dealing with western and Hispanic-American history, the Bancroft Library, may be interested to learn that in 1887 and 1889 bills were introduced into the senate providing for its purchase by the State for $25,000. But although these measures were endorsed by the committee on libraries to which they had been assigned, they failed to pass the upper chamber.

In the San Francisco *Examiner* for January 27, 1889, Ambrose Bierce expressed his opinion of the library in the following bitter language:

"The Bancroft Library consists of a worthless collection of books and manuscripts gathered by an illiterate tradesman from such literary centres as Chihuahua and mining camps. This worthless collection has been housed in a fireproof structure whose ashes would be of more value than the works which it now contains."

The Legislature of 1887 convened on the first Monday in January of that year. This did not mean, however, that the entire new administration which had been elected the previous November had come into power; for neither could the Governor-elect nor the Lieutenant-Governor-elect assume their duties until the two houses in joint session had canvassed the votes for these offices submitted by the counties of the State. It was decided that the canvassing should take place on the following Thursday, immediately after which the inaugural ceremonies would occur.

At three in the afternoon of the appointed day the Sacramento *Bee* appeared on the streets with the statement that the inauguration had taken place and gave the address which Governor Bartlett was supposed

to have delivered. We can imagine the little newsboys shouting in their shrill nasal voices,

"All right—the Sacramento *Bee*—Governor Bartlett inaugurated—read all about it."

It soon became apparent, however, that the *Bee,* in its desire to get ahead of the other papers in the chronicling of the event, had been a bit too previous, because the inauguration did not occur that day after all, for the reason about to be detailed.

At noon the gallery of the senate chamber was filled with ladies and gentlemen in their Sunday best and by companies of militia from all over the State in spick and span uniforms ready to participate in the inaugural parade. But in the midst of the canvassing the discovery was made that neither San Mateo nor San Benito counties had sent in their returns and until these places had been heard from nothing further could be done. As the private affairs of the militia men would not permit them to remain longer in Sacramento, they returned to their homes in a very disgusted frame of mind, and although the inauguration was held two days later it lacked that pomp and brilliancy which it would otherwise have possessed.

One important thing which my researches in California history taught me was that statements made with regard to the influence of certain great factors upon historic events should be surrounded on all sides by a host of reservations. In his epoch-making article on the significance of the frontier on American history, Frederick Jackson Turner points out that the expansion of the United States has been entirely due to the agitation of its frontiersmen. This is true to a large extent, but not altogether so, for in 1895 a resolution was introduced in the California senate requesting the Federal Government to annex the Hawaiian Islands. It was defeated, however, on the ground that, should the Islands be annexed, there would be altogether too many Japanese and Chinese under the American flag. This incident helps to prove, it seems to me, that, broadly speaking, the philosophy of history is "the bunk," and when handled at all should be handled with great care, and by historians only. To my mind the value of history lies in the fact that it is a living book, the chapter of which we should all read in order to get a clear understanding of the one now being enacted. In other words, it is just as impossible to understand the present without knowing the past as it is to understand a novel without commencing it at the beginning.

DONALD W. WHEATON.

OVERLAND IN 1853

William Warner's Letter to His Mother

William Warner was born on January 27, 1820 in the town of Loudon, Pennsylvania. When quite young he moved westward and at the time of the Gold Rush was employed as an accountant in Huntington, Indiana. Having come overland with his family in 1853 he first engaged in mining and, about the year 1865, opened a general merchandise business in Sweetland, Nevada County, where he remained until his wife died in 1897. He was living in Oakland for nine years prior to his death, May 30, 1905.

The remarkable "babe" mentioned in this letter is now Mrs. George W. Hunt of Oakland, through whose courtesy we have this account of the overland journey of the Warner family.

Nevada City, Sept. 23, 1853

Dear Mother and Friends:

I presume you all have felt deeply interested in my fate since my departure for this far off land. Well, after traveling six months (lacking 8 days) I and my family arrived in California, safe and in good health, but we saw many ups and downs before we got here. I give you a few items of our journey.

My company consisted of six persons besides my babe, four men and two women, I. Ream, Jas. Eaton, J. Whitestine and wife, myself and family. Our team consisted of four yoke of oxen, three horses and one mule and two wagons. We crossed the Missouri on the 17th day of May and commenced our almost endless journey. On that day Jerry Whitestine complained of being unwell and grew worse from day to day. We got in company with a physician and traveled with him for several days. He administered to him but could not help him. At last we were obliged to stop traveling. Several doctors stopped to see him, but his disease was inflammation of the stomach and bowels and the poor fellow—his dying hour had come. He bid us all goodbye forever, and his spirit fled. He was married on the 17th of March, he took sick on the 17th of May and dies on the 17th of June about five o'clock P. M. We made him a coffin out of one of our wagon beds that night and on the next day we buried him on the banks of the Castle River where it empties into the Platt River. After paying our humble respects to the dead, we proceeded with one wagon on our journey.

Everything went very well for a while, finally our oxen's feet began to wear out. Two yoke became so lame that they could not travel, so I traded them off for two mules. The man that I traded with had other lame cattle and intended stopping for two or three weeks and letting

them recruit. I traveled on for several days with two yoke of oxen, three horses and three mules. Finally one ox died and I then had just an even number of each, and in this way I traveled till I arrived at the great Mormon city at Salt Lake, which was about the 27th of July. We remained here about one week. We attended church and heard a sermon from Brigham Young and several of the apostles. We also attended theatre in Salt Lake City. They open their theatres with prayers and close them with a benediction. The city is a beautiful one. It is about three miles long and two and one-half wide and contains about 12,000 inhabitants. Brigham Young has, as near as I could ascertain, thirty-seven wives and each of the twelve apostles has from five to twelve wives, just in proportion to their pecuniary circumstances. A man is allowed one wife for every $1000 that he is worth. I was in one of the apostles houses, after chatting awhile our conversation turned upon their having a plurality of wives. He wanted to know if I had any objections to it. He had seven wives and twenty-three children and appearances indicated an addition of four or five more shortly.

While at this city I sold one of my horses for $70 and traded my three oxen for a mule, swapped my heavy wagon for a light one. We hitched four mules to the wagon, we sold off every unnecessary article we had and took just what provisions we thought would do us through. We packed our tent and some of our baggage on my remaining two horses, thus equipped we started for this land of gold. My wife and Mrs. Whitestine drove the team, while the two young men and myself took it a foot the balance of the way which is about 900 miles. Who would have thought that I could have endured such a journey besides standing guard every third night and sometimes I have stood guard four successive nights—but of all animals that cross the plains man is the toughest and can endure the most.

The latter end of our journey proved to be the most interesting. When within six days of journey of California we ran out of provisions. We had nothing to eat but a little dried fruit and tea. We concluded to stop until we could obtain something from some of the emigrants as they passed along, I tried all day in vain; they all let on to be nearly in my own condition (that is, as they would say, short of provisions). Night came and I for the first time in my life, had want to stare me in the face. However, after a little further inquiry I found a man who had a few onions and potatoes. He was a trader from California who had gone east of the Nevada Mountains for the purpose of buying lame cattle from emigrants. He was out of all kinds of provisions but onions and potatoes. I obtained a hat full of them

for $2.12 which sufficed for supper and breakfast. The next day one of the men shouldered his rifle and went up the mountains in pursuit of game and I placed myself on the roadside and renewed my energies to buy something to eat. Finally I succeeded in obtaining 25 lbs of flour for which I paid $12.50. My man returned from his hunting expedition without success.

The next day we resumed our journey. After traveling three days our meal bag again had the consumption and we were once more out of provisions. We concluded that we would drive all night and crowd our team, so we overhauled our load and threw away everything only what we had on our backs, in order to lighten our load, after which we started expecting to eat our next meal in California. When night came we overtook an emigrant who spared us from his scanty supply a few pounds of hard bread at 50c a pound—in addition to this I killed two sage hens—As the night was cold and story, we concluded to camp for the night, and let each day provide for itself—we made out enough for supper and breakfast—two days hard driving over the worst road ever traveled by man would bring us to this place—the only place we were certain of obtaining food. The next morning we were again on our winding way through and over mountains. When night came we were minus the wherewithal to satisfy hunger—when lo! and behold!! we discovered at a short distance from us an old She Bear with three cubs—drinking at a brook. We snatched our rifles and commenced an attack. After a short battle of ten or fifteen minutes we had the old bear stretched out before us—she was ours, but the cubs made good their escape. By and by a man came along and I exchanged some bear meat for flour—you better believe we were at home. That night we had a supper—such a one as people in this country seldom sit down to. We had bear meat roasted; we had some fried and had some boiled—besides fried liver and sundry pieces of meat that we stuck on sharp sticks and roasted before the fire. We also had biscuits, slap jacks and stewed fruit—together with tea and many other articles which we had not. Two days from this we landed in Nevada City where we are all well and have plenty to eat, wear and drink.

A trip across the plains is a hard one, but nothing short of a trip would have satisfied me. I am now across and am perfectly satisfied. I found a man here with whom I was acquainted in Indiana, who has just completed a new frame house. He invited me to move into it until he could bring his family from the States. I accepted his offer and am comfortably situated. Perhaps I may open a boarding house this winter, if not, I will try my hand at mining. My wife says if she continues to like California as well as she does at this time, she

will never want to return to the States to live. My babe is growing fine. It is, I think, the largest child I ever saw of its age. It is now sixteen months old and is as large as children that are three years old; it is beginning to talk. Many times when we were traveling, it would run along after the wagon for a mile at a time without the assistance of anyone. It has nearly all of its teeth and is a perfect specimen of health. When I started from home it was quite sick. A methodist preacher advised me to get a coffin made and take it along, for said he, that child will never live to see California. A few days after I left Huntington, our babe got well and has been well ever since.

There was very little sickness and but few deaths on the plains this summer. I did not see more than ten or twelve fresh graves on the whole trip.

Miners are making great preparations for mining this winter. They cannot do much at this time in consequence of the scarcity of water. Those that have water are making from $4 to $12 per day. Provisions are cheap and plenty, and there is not an article you ever saw that is fit for man to eat, but what can be had here. I have been to the burying ground and visited the resting place of Heyman Allman. Peace be to him. A rude clapboard is the only monument erected to mark the spot where he was laid; a few tall pines wave over him, and the wind as it whistles through their tall boughs sounds a requiem to his departed spirit. Ere long I shall honor his grave with a better tombstone and write an inscription upon it that will inform the passerby who occupies that lonely spot.

Give my respects to old Uncle Dan Allman; tell him I should be glad to hear from him. Accept of these lines and remember a Son, a Brother and his little family. Goodbye Mother and Friends,

WILLIAM WARNER, SARAH WARNER, ALICE WARNER.

A LETTER FROM THE MINES

The writer of this letter was the first woman to arrive at the Yuba River diggings near where the towns of Timbuctoo and Smartsville later stood. She was a woman of culture and great personal charm, the wife of John Van Antwerp Berry, who had formerly practiced law in Dubuque, Iowa. He was a member of California's first legislature, but died in 1853, after which Mrs. Berry taught in the public school of Smartsville, then a thriving mining town. At a later date she founded a private school there and continued to teach until incapacitated by age.

Miss Agnes N. O'Brien, of Smartsville, the owner of this letter, has kindly consented to its publication here.

Yuba River, California, May 19, 1850.

My Dear Sister:

I have waited anxiously for a letter from you since my arrival here, but again & again I have been disappointed. I suppose you never rec'd my letter from the City of the Salt-Lake. This is the first time I have made an attempt to write since I came in. During the winter the roads were so bad that it was impossible to get to and from the City and we have no post-office yet established at the Mines, so we are compelled to send our letters by persons who make a business of carrying letters to and from, at a dollar a letter, which, in some cases, is more profitable to the individual than mining would be. I suppose you are anxious to hear how I am pleased with California—well—I must even now hesitate ere I write it—and at that, scarcely know what to say. The fact is I have had but little opportunity of forming an opinion of it. We came to this point in the Mines on our arrival in the country, the 10th day of October & from this point I have never deviated either east, west, north or south, for the distance of half a mile, and have not seen to speak to but one female in that time, & she happens to be located next tent to me. After my arrival here I was taken down with the fever as was also my poor little Henry. I thought for a long time I would lose the dear child, but Providence favored both of us & we got over it. I was Physician, Apothecary & nurse myself and patient at the same time & I was patient sure enough for I was terribly frightened, and thought there was no other home for me but a narrow bed on the side of this rocky hill, by the margin of fair Yuba's waters,—but as "There are some on earth too good to stay, and others too bad to take away," I was I suppose among the latter—still left to see more of the sorrows or joys of this poor life. We had a very disagreeable winter. The rains set in early in November, and continued with little interruption until the latter part of March and

here were we poor souls living almost out of doors. Sometimes of a morning I would come out of the wagon (that is & has been our bedroom ever since we left the States) & find the tent blown down the shed under which I cooked blown over & my utensils lying in all directions, fire out & it pouring down as tho' the clouds had burst. Sometimes I would scold & fret, other times endure it in mute agony and again amid all the war of the elements feel a consolation in thinking I had all my family around me. Comfortless as it was they were bearing it with me—better that by far than luxury with one member of it missing. Thus passed the dreary winter, all I could accomplish during the day was to cook the little we ate and try to keep warm. I have understood such a winter has not been known in the country before. Our mode of living made us feel it more than if we were properly fixed; indeed such a way of living could not be endured in the States. Nearly all the miners lie on the ground with nothing under them but a Buffalo skin or blanket on a heap of snow and wake in the morning with two or three feet of snow covering them. We had no snow where we are. The weather is now intensely warm. I never suffered so much from heat as I have in the last week, these tents are like ovens. Oh, me! how hard it comes to me to do washing, cooking and everything myself. I often wish for someone even half a good as poor Mary C. to give me a helping hand. Oh! you who lounge on your divans & sofas, sleep on your fine, luxurious beds and partake of your rich viands at every meal know nothing of the life of a California emigrant. Here are we sitting, on a pine block, a log or a bunk; sleeping in beds with either a quilt or a blanket as substitute for sheets, (I can tell you it is very aristocratic to have a bed at all), & calico pillow-cases on our pillows. Our fare is very plain, consisting of meat & bread, & bread & meat, with some stewed fruit, either apples or peaches, now and then (as a great delicacy) some rancid butter that has been put up in the Land of Goshen and sent round a six months cruise by Cape Horn, for which we at times have given the moderate sum of $2 per pound, Now it has fallen to $1.50, Everything in the way of provisions is remarkably high. Flour during the winter was $1 a lb., potatoes the same, also pork, Fresh beef now 35c per lb. sugar. 75 & coffee .50. . . .

For a bottle of pickles that will last on our table one meal $2.25, dried fruit, always about $1 per pound Molasses $4 to $5 per gallon. We have during the winter eaten as much as $5 worth of potatoes at dinner & then none of us had more than a decent taste, I have not seen an egg or a drop of milk since I have been in the country. We will remain here during the summer. Mr. B. is one of a company that is

going to undertake to drain the river at this point & get the gold from the bed of the river. In the fall we will locate in one of the Cities on the Coast and live again like white folks. I look like an Indian squaw and a very homely one at that . . .

There is one point on which I must say the writers from this country have told the truth and that is respecting the flowers. It is emphatically the "Land of Flowers" — the surface of the earth is a gay pasture, every hill, every vale & rill speaks in the beautiful language of flowers. We have gold at our very door sills & the mines I believe are inexhaustible and will not be worked out for generations to come, there are constantly new discoveries, but it requires a great deal of hard labor to acquire a fortune, unless one happens by chance to fall on the right. It takes as much to support a family here two months, as would keep them a whole year in the States. The sacrifice of society & all kinds of comfort — is hardly worth the fortune obtained; and how many lives are sacrificed in endeavoring to obtain it. How many widows and orphans have been left — for the pursuit of this too much proud "Ignes Fatuois" I tremble when I think of the suffering now on the Plains, and I understand the emigration will be double what it was last year. God grant their sufferings will not be half so great! When I look back and think of all the perils we passed through I cannot feel grateful enough to kind Providence, by Whom we assuredly were protected. . . .

Mr. B had an attack of the fever. Yet we travelled all the time. We were in company with a train from New Jersey, in which was a Dr. Dorcey, a celebrated physician of Newark, I owe Mr. B's speedy recovery to his good care. We came through without sustaining loss of property or cattle dying. We left one of our wagons on the last mountain we crossed, put all our oxen on the other and rushed ahead. There was a great deal of suffering on the mountains by those who came in late. No one should venture the Overland Route, by all means the Isthmus is the safest. . . .

C. BERRY.

DOCUMENTARY

The Frémont Episode

[Pio Pico to Manuel Castro]

[Documentos para la Historia de California, III, 174. Bancroft Library.]

[Original]

El Gobierno ha tenido noticia ya en lo estrajudicial y ya por una comunicacion de la Comandancia General que hubo un movimiento por esos puntos ocasionado por el Capitan de los Estados Unidos Dⁿ. J. C. Fremont, cuyos resultados asertivos hasta hoy se ignoran, y como esa Prefectura del cargo de V. S. no ha comunicado nada absolutamente que pudiera dar la claridad de esos sucesos, notando el Gobierno ese silencio se ve en la necesidad de prevenir á V. S. que acerca de lo acontesido le de un informe circunstanciado desde su origen, sea para tenerlo á la vista en un caso necesario, ó bien por que el Gobierno debe estar al alcanse de todo cuanto pase dentro del Departmento. Asi mismo espero que en lo de adelante redoble V. S su vigilancia y dedique toda su atencion á los lugares de su dependencia dictando las medidas analogas, para evitar que en manera alguna se usen de atropellamiento por enemigos extraños ni deje de conservarse siempre el buen orden y tranquilidad publica, dando parte al Gobierno activamente de todo cuanto ocurra para providenciar lo conveniente segun las circunstancias del asunto que se tratase.

Lo que digo á V. S. para su debido cumplimiento reiterandole las sinceras protestas de mi consideracion.

Dios y Libertad Angeles Abril 17 de 1846.

PIO PICO

[Rubric]

Sor. Prefecto del
Distrito de Monterey

[Translation]

The Government has received information, both from private sources and through a communication from the Comandancia General, that there was a movement at certain points occasioned by the United States Captain, Mr. J. C. Fremont, the confirmed results of which are up to the present unknown. Since that prefecture in your charge has communicated absolutely nothing that might throw light upon those occurrences, the Government, noting that silence, finds itself under the necessity of requesting you to give it a detailed report concerning the

affair from its origin, not only to have it at hand in case of need, but also because the Government ought to keep fully informed of everything that occurs in the Department. I therefore expect that in future you will redouble your vigilance and devote your entire attention to the places under your control, dictating suitable measures to prevent them from being used in any manner for disturbances by foreign enemies, and that you will not fail always to preserve good order and public tranquillity, promptly informing the Government of whatever may occur, so that it may take the best measures, according to the circumstances connected with the matters in question.

This I say to you for your proper fulfillment, reiterating the sincere assurances of my regard.

God and Liberty. Los Angeles, April 17, 1846.

PIO PICO

[Rubric]

Señor Prefect of the
District of Monterey.

[Gillespie Meets Larkin]

[Larkin, Documents for the History of California, IV, 91. Bancroft Library.]

[Original]

U S. Ship Cyane
Monterey
April 17, 1846

Dear Sir

Enclosed I send you a letter of introduction, which I doubt, not you will understand; and as I have an important dispatch for you, as also, other sealed packages, I will be obliged by your coming on board as early as possible —

I am, Dr Sir
Very truly Yours
ARCH H. GILLESPIE

Thos O Larkin Esqr
U. C. Consul.

[*Id.* III, 362. Original]

Washington City 1 November 1845

Dear Sir/

I take pleasure in introducing to you the bearer hereof, Mr. Archibald. H. Gillespie, as a gentleman of respectability & worth. He is about to visit the North West Coast of America on business; & should he stop on his way at Monterey, allow me to bespeak for him your kind

attention. You will find him to be, in every respect, worthy of your regard.

Yours very respectfully,

JAMES BUCHANAN

Thomas O. Larkin Esquire

[Buchanan's Instructions to Larkin]*

[*Id.* III, 357. Original]

Department of State

Washington Oct 17th 1845.

Thomas O. Larkin Esqre.
Consul of the United States
at Monterey, California.

Sir,

I feel much indebted to you for the information which you have communicated to the Department from time to time in relation to California. The future destiny of that country is a subject of anxious solicitude for the Government and people of the United States. The interests of our Commerce and our Whale fisheries on the Pacific Ocean, demand that you should exert the greatest vigilance in discovering and defeating any attempts which may be made by Foreign Governments to acquire a control over that Country. In the contest between Mexico and California we can take no part, unless the former should commence hostilities against the United States; but should California assert and maintain her independence, we shall render her all the kind offices in our power as a Sister Republic. This Government has no ambitious aspirations to gratify and no desire to extend our Federal system over more Territory than we already possess, unless by the free and spontaneous wish of the Independent people of adjoining Territories. The exercise of compulsion or improper influence to accomplish such a result, would be repugnant both to the policy and principles of this Government. But whilst these are the sentiments of the President, he could not view with indifference the transfer of California to Great Britain or any other European Power. The system of colonization by foreign Monarchies on the North American continent must and will be resisted by the United States. It could result in nothing but evil to the Colonists under their dominion who desire to secure for themselves the blessings of liberty by means of Republican Institutions; whilst it would be highly prejudicial to the best interests of the United

* Gillespie is supposed to have given these instructions verbally to Frémont,—*Ed.*

States. Nor would it in the end benefit such foreign Monarchies. On the contrary, even Great Britain by the acquisition of California would sow the seeds of future war and disaster for herself; because there is no political truth more certain than that this fine Province could not long be held in vassalage by any European Power. The emigration to it of people from the United States would soon render this impossible.

I am induced to make these remarks in consequence of the information communicated to this Department in your Despatch of the 10th of July last. From this it appears that Mr Rea, the Agent of the British Hudson Bay Company furnished the Californians with arms and money in October and November last, to enable them to expel the Mexicans from the Country; and you state that this policy has been reversed and now no doubt exists there, but that the Mexican troops about to invade the Province have been sent for this purpose at the instigation of the British Government; and that "it is rumored that two English Houses in Mexico have become bound to the new General to accept his drafts for funds to pay his troops in eighteen months." Connected with these circumstances, the appearance of a British Vice Consul and a French Consul in California, at the present crisis, without any apparent Commercial business, is well calculated to produce the impression, that their respective Governments entertain designs on that Country which must necessarily be hostile to its interests. On all proper occasions, you should not fail prudently to warn the Government and the people of California of the danger of such an interference to their peace and prosperity, — to inspire them with a jealousy of European dominion and to arouse in their bosoms that love of liberty and independence so natural to the American Continent. Whilst I repeat that this Government does not, under existing circumstances, intend to interfere between Mexico and California, they would vigorously interpose to prevent the latter from becoming a British or French Colony. In this they might surely expect the aid of the Californians themselves.

Whilst the President will make no effort and use no influence to induce California to become one of the free and independent States of this Union, yet if the People should desire to unite their destiny with ours, they would be received as brethren, whenever this can be done, without affording Mexico just cause of complaint. Their true policy, for the present, in regard to this question, is to let events take their course, unless an attempt should be made to transfer them, without their consent, either to Great Britain or France. This they ought to resist by all the means in their power as ruinous to their best interests and destructive of their freedom and independence.

I am rejoiced to learn that "our Countrymen continue to receive every assurance of safety and protection from the present Government" of California, and that they manifest so much confidence in you as Consul of the United States. You may assure them of the cordial sympathy and friendship of the President, and that their conduct is appreciated by him as it deserves.

In addition to your Consular functions, the President has thought proper to appoint you a confidential agent in California; and you may consider the present Despatch as your authority for acting in this character. The confidence which he reposes in your patriotism and discretion is evinced by conferring upon you this delicate and important trust. You will take care not to awaken the jealousy of the French and English Agents there by assuming any other than your Consular character. Lieutenant Archibald H. Gillespie of the Marine Corps will immediately proceed to Monterey and will probably reach you before this Despatch. He is a Gentleman in whom the President reposes entire confidence. He has seen these instructions and will co-operate as a confidential agent with you, in carrying them into execution.

You will not fail by every safe opportunity to keep the Department advised of the progress of events in California, and the disposition of the authorities and people towards the United States and other Governments. We should, also, be pleased to learn what is the aggregate population of that Province, and the force it can bring into the field. —

What is the proportion of Mexican, American, British and French Citizens, and the feelings of each class towards the United States; — the names and character of the principal persons in the Executive, Legislative, and Judicial Departments of the Government, and of other distinguished and influential Citizens; — Its financial system and resources, the amount and nature of its commerce with Foreign Nations, its productions which might with advantage be imported into the United States, and the productions of the United States which might with advantage be received in exchange.

It would, also, be interesting to the Department to learn in what part of California the principal American settlements exist, — the rate at which the number of Settlers have been and still are increasing, — from what portions of the Union they come and by what routes they arrive in the Country.

These specifications are not intended to limit your enquiries — On the contrary it is expected that you will collect and communicate to the Department all the information respecting California which may be useful or important to the United States.

Your compensation will be at the rate of Six dollars per day from the time of the arrival of this Despatch or of Lieutenant Gillespie at Monterey. You will also be allowed your necessary travelling and other expenses incurred in accomplishing the objects of your appointment; but you will be careful to keep an accurate account of these expenditures and procure vouchers for them in all cases where this is practicable without interfering with the successful performance of your duties — For these expenses and your per diem allowance, you are authorised to draw from time to time on the Department.

I am, Sir, Respectfully
Your obedient Servant,
JAMES BUCHANAN

[Larkin's Report to Buchanan]

[Larkin's Official Correspondence II, pp. 52-53. Bancroft Library.]

[Copy]

Consulate of the United States of America, Port of Monterey, California April 17th, 1846.

Sir.

The undersigned has this day received from the hands of Lieutenant Archibald H. Gillespie, who has just landed from the Cyane, twenty eight days from Oahu (a long passage,) the communication of October 17, 1845, (wrote 1846) from the Department of State, and is much gratified in finding that his several communications have been favourably received by the Hon. Secretary of State, as he began to fear that so much bulky correspondence from one Consular Office was encroaching on the time of our Government officers.

It has always been a source of pleasure to the undersigned in having any information to impart but still supposed he was departing from his Consular duties in giving notices not strictly within his line of office, is therefore agreeably surprised by the highly flattering acceptance his letters have received.

With the view of having a wider field to move in and more power to act and cooperate for Government, the undersigned accepts with unfeigned satisfaction the appointment now offered in the communication this day received from you and shall at once employ a Clerk to aid him and proceed to collect and forward the desired information per first opportunity, which cannot now be done as Captain Mervine insists on sailing within thirty six hours and only by particular request remains

here to morrow, the "Congress" should be here in forty days from Oahu when opportunity shall be improved.

The chief Californians who now wield the destinies of this Territory, do so under the Mexican Flag, Governor Pio Pico at the Town of the Angels near San Pedro and General Jose Castro in Monterey, the latter will no doubt soon displace the former and rule supreme, always apparently under the orders of the President, to whom constant communications and commissioners are sent, to most of whose demands Mexico gives her consent, perhaps to amuse or quiet the natives or because she has no other choice, duties by the Mexican Tariff are laid, if the article can be found there, otherwise thirty per cent on its value here, is collected.

These chiefs would if in their power, rule this country under the present Flag, as they know they are and must be for years too weak by themselves to form a Government; respecting their inclination to be ruled by others, their opinions are vacilating guided in some measure by the state of Mexico and any other nation, at the time there is but trifling communication between themselves and the English and French Agents, the latter a Gentleman of about fifty five, and of much respectability in appearance, lives very retired, and in the only communication he has as yet had (relative to one of his Countrymen a school master, being imprisoned for insult offered to the Señor Prefecto) with these authorities, they denied his interfereance and became somewhat dissatisfied with him, the English Vice Consul is not a man to exert himself in Government affairs or with his funds in Government agentcy.

The undersigned is of the opinion that those in California in power, would soon come into measures to separate from Mexico if their salaries were secure to them and they had reason to suppose they would not hereafter be thrown into the ranks of the commonality, and has no opinion whatever of any affection they have for Mexico, there is no doubt but near one thousand Emigrants will arrive at New Helvetia next October, should the number in 1847, correspond with this in the increased stage of Emigration, the destinies of this Department in 1848 is decided.

General Castro is now thinking of going up to the Sacramento in July with some two or three hundred men, with the ostensible purpose of opposing the Emigrants expected, yet it can hardly be supposed he is in earnest in his intention, should he be, he only hastens the crisis. Heretofore the undersigned (the undersigned) has conversed but a little with the authorities respecting affairs not immediately connected with his Consulate, under his new orders and present aspect of affairs will now permit a more extended line of conduct, and report accordingly.

The undersigned gave up his commercial business in Monterey the first of this year as far as regards purchases and sales of merchandize, from the year 1837 he has supplied every Governor or General here with most of their merchandize or provisions which business is yet carried on by the person who has taken this store and interests, yet in loans, advances and money transacting still continues to be on intimate terms with the General and (and) different branches of the Californian Government, and has every reason to believe he is on friendly terms with them, publicly or privately.

I have the honor to subscribe
myself, your most obedient servant
THOMAS O. LARKIN

Hon.
James Buchanan
Secretary of State
City of Washington

[Larkin to Buchanan regarding the Gavilan Affair]

[*Id.* I, pp. 51-52, Copy]

Consulate of the United States of
America Port of Monterey April 18th 1846

Sir.

My last (but one) was N° 39 under date of 2d of this month, respecting Captain J. C. Fremont, with some correspondence relative to his affairs, Since that period I have received a letter from him, writen March 31st about 60 miles above New Helvetia, but it contained no news whatever or any mention respecting his journey from this vicinity, merely applying for funds, which was forwarded in gold by his courier, from the latter I understood that Captain Fremont quietily took his way from his fortified Camp, to the place where he now is not seeing a single Californian on the road.

The affair and excitement relative to the Californians being called together by General Castro to go against Captain Fremont has subsided, and within a few days, the cheifs of the Country have publicly declared, that they never intended to go to the fortified camp but only to make a show of resistance to form a report to the supreem Government of Mexico, haveing very premptory orders to drive Captain Fremont from California, should he again enter after his visit of 1844 General Castro has showed his orders to several here, and said his countrymen would not blame him for calling them together if they were aware of the orders. — I have now no doubt that they did not

intend to meet the party they went in quest of, but only to give effect to their dispatches to Mexico, which they have sent by a Commissioner at an expense of $6,000 for the Vessel to take him to Acapulco, — Captain Fremont intends to return to the States in September, I am confident he could if he pleased present himself (without his party) in Monterey at any time.

Mr Rea Agent for the Hudson Bay Company for their Establishment in San Francisco, shot himself soon after the Californians rose against General Michelterena, of which event the department was at the time informed, last month the H. B. C. Ship Vancouver landed at San Francisco Mr. Mactavish, who comes as Agent in place of the late former Agent — Mr Mactavish has ben at my house this week, and informs me, that he has orders to Ship such hides or Furs as he may find in the Company's house at San Francisco, collect their debts, and sell their house at $5,000 And per next Vessel return to the Oregon with the Body of the late Agent, his Widow and children. Mrs Rea is a daughter of Dr McLaughing princaple Factor and Agent of the Company Established at Fort Vancouver —

Mr Mactavish informed me that Dr McLaughing all the Company Officers, Factors, and Servants have quietly submitted themselves to the rules, Regulations, and local Laws, of the Government made by the Americans at the Oregon, and that both parties are on very good terms with each other, he appears to know or care but a little about the boundery line, and thinks the Americans on the spot are deciding the question for themselves and speaks well of them.

I Am Sir
Your Most Obt Sevt
THOMAS O. LARKIN

Hon[l] James Buchanan
Secretary of State
City of Washington

[Larkin to Leidesdorff concerning Gillespie]

[*Id.* I, pp. 72-73. Copy]

Consulate of the United States
of America Monterey April 19th 1846

Sir,

I have given to Archibald H Gillispie Esqr (of New York) a letter of introduction to you, — And now inform you that Mr H. Mellus and myself have received from the States letters of introduction by Mr Gillispie recommending him on buisness to some of the Pacific Ports, and asking our attention to him, I have to request that you will do me

the favour to have your best room and accomodation for him, He has not enjoyed good health, and wishes to travel through your part of the California to enjoy the climate &c. I believe he has some personal acquantance with Captain Fremont, and May wish to see him if the trouble and expense is not too much.

Should Mr Gillispie wish for Boat, Horses, or Men to travel you will please provide him at his own expense, I know not whether he carrys with him sufficiant funds, Having a small sum on deposit of his, you will supply him with money to go up the River or to return here, or elswhere if he wishes it, and take his draft on me for the sum sufficiant for that purpose, You will find Mr Gillispie a Gentleman of much information and well aquanted with the Countries he has passed through, as he is well acquanted with the Spanish language, Perhaps he has done buisness in some Spanish Port, — You will oblige me by paying to him every attention in your power· As Mr Mellus is informed that he has done some buisness, with his owners, I suppose he will expect Mr Tashmaker to attend to him.

I am Sir Your Obt. Sevt.

THOMAS O. LARKIN

W. A. Leidsdorff Esqr.
U. S. Vice Consul
San Francisco

The above was given (with letters of introduction, to the following persons,) to Mr. Gillispie.

Mr Nathan Spear,	Yerba Buena
W. A. Leidsdorff Esq^{r}	" "
Mr. Dougald Mactavish	" "
" Jacob Leace	Sonoma
" Charles M. Weber	Pueblo of San Jose
" Timothy Murphy	San Rafael
Capt John A. Sutter	New Helvetia
Dr John Marsh	At his Rancho
Mr Peter Lassen	" " " "
" Theodore Cordua	" " " "
" William Richardson	" " " "
Don Juan Anzar	" " " "
" Antonio Suñol	Pueblo de San Jose

[Larkin to Montgomery]

[*Id.* I, p. 73. Copy in Larkin's handwriting]

Consulate of the United States
of America Monterey April 23^{d} 1846

Sir.

As it was late yesterday when Leiutenant Bartlet, came on shore (and I wished to read the papers he brought) I proposed going on board this forenoon.

Should you have any further dispatches, or other information that Mr Gillispie should be made aquanted with, please inform me and send for me on receipt of this, as I may have to dispatch a Courier (for him) eighty miles to day, to that Gentleman he tomorrow being prepared to go to the Camp of Captain Fremont.

I Am Sir with the highest Respect Your
Obedient Servent

THOMAS O. LARKIN

Captain John, B. Montgomory
United States Sloop of War Portsmouth

[Larkin to Gillespie with News]

[*Id.* I, pp. 73-75. Copy in Larkin's handwriting]

Consulate of the United States
of America Monterey April 23d 1846

Sir

Captain Montgomory of the Portsmouth being under sailing orders (the 1st or 2d instant) at Mazatlan, was waiting for the Mexican Mail, when Commodore Sloat heard per Brig Hannah of the situation of Captain Fremont near San John's and immeadiately dispatched the Ship, she was twenty one days from Mazatlan to Monterey, I send to you four or five New York and one Mexican News papers, the former to 5th of February, the latter of March New York. papers of February 25th was in the hands of the Commodore, Captain Montgomery has not any certain information of Mr Slidel's situation in Jalapa, in March, he says that the Commandante General of Mazatlan had later News by Six days, then Commodore Sloat, that all Custom House and other Government Officers had left Mazatlan, taking away the archives, and Government property bublishing in the street, that Commodore Sloat would in all probability declare a state of Blockade the next day (thereby giving reason to suppose they were aware of the cause Mr. Parrott private letter to Don Pablo saguire has an oppinion that there will be no War, that some of the Mexican Northern States were declareing for the United States, others forsaking, and most all against Paredes, the whole Mexican Country being in a deplorable state. — Captain Montgomory is of the oppinion that Commodore Sloat, May by the next Mail (Six or eight days) have a declaration on the part of the United States against Mexico in which case we shall see him in a few days to take the Country — the English Corn Laws are repealed. Peal was out ten days Lord Russel in his place not being able to form a Ministry, Sir Robert Peal was recalled. Mr Packingham

has the second or third time made Oregon prepositions to Mr. Buchanan, even to offering to leave the buisness to other Nations or the Prusians, Mr Polk will have none of it, he is for our own Territory (of which Oregon is a part,) without arbitration on the part of any one, The Portsmouth will remain here and in San Francisco some Weeks, perhaps a Month according to circumstances. I have (as My oppinion) said to Seneors Castro, Carrello and Vallejo that our Flag May fly here in thirty days, the former says, for his own plans, War is prefferable to peace, as by War, affairs will at once be brought to a close, and each one know his doom. I answerd, without War he could make certain Officers, and secure to himself, and his friends, fame, honour, permanent employ and pay, he and others know not what to do or say, but wait advices from Mexico per their Commissioner, by Don Quixote, she ought to be here by the first of July.

The letters I sent to Mazatlan on the 10th or eleventh of March respecting Captain Fremont, I suppose did not reach Mr Parrott. the people here are astonished at the appearance of this Vessel in Forty two days, to look into the buisness, which astonishment I am glad to see, I have had Many of the leaders, at My house to inquire into the News, and believe they are fast prepareing themselves for the comeing events, The Shark has sailed from Mazatlan to Oahu for repairs, I know nothing of Commodore Stocton, — in fear of My forgetting some Verbal News, I have requested Mr Mellus to write to you, please return the English papers,

I Remain with Respect
Your Obedient Servent
Signed THOMAS O. LARKIN

Archibald H Gillespie Esqr
Yerba Buena

[Leidesdorff to Larkin announcing Gillespie's Departure for the North]

[Larkin, Documents for the History of California IV, 104. Bancroft Library.]

[Original]

Yerba buena April the 25th 1846.

T. O. Larkin Esqr
Sir

Acording to your request, I have done every thing in my power for Mr. Archibald H. Gillispie. he leaves this place in a few hours for the Sacramento, as I do not know exactly what funds he will require previous to his leaving this, I cannot inform you by this oportunity how-

ever in my next I shall forward you my private account; glorious news for Capt Freemont. I thinck I se him smile, by your letters it appears that this news was not generally known, however here they must have some news as the Sub Prefecto is buissy dispatching couriers in different parts of the country, and Capt. Hinckley has been heard to say, that Guirero had received a courier yesterday, advising him of the exspected war with Mexico, how he got his news I cant say; If Mr. Swasey has no employ yet, send him to me for I am all alone, and have great deal to do M[r]. Basham has left me, on account of its being to cold here for him —

I hope you will do me the favour and hurry the taylor with the suit of clothes, I requested M[r]. Green to have made for me, as I am verry much in want of them, no news here of any importance,

I Remain Your Obt. Servt.

W[M]. A. LEIDESDORFF

[Castro to Guerrero proposing Regulations for Foreigners]

[Mr. C. Templeton Crocker's Sloat Manuscripts.]

[Contemporary translation]

"Being informed that a multitude of foreigners, abusing our local circumstances without having come with the requisites provided by law, are residing in the district, and that many of them that should [not] be admitted into this country, have made themselves owners of fixed property, being a right only belonging to citizens.

I have concluded to order to all the Judges of towns under their charge, that they cannot, under the most strong responsibillity, permit nor authorize, sale or cession whatever of land, or of said class of property without regulation by right and in favor of Mexican citizens: advising those foreigners that are not naturalized and legally introduced, that whatever purchase or acquisition they may make, will be null and void; and will be subject, if they do not retire voluntarily from the country, to be expelled from it whenever the government may find it convenient."

"God and Liberty"

"Monterey April 30[th] 1846."

[On back:]

Copy of an order forwarded by D[n] Manuel Castro S[r] Prefecto of Monterey to his sub Prefecto in S[n] Francisco and sent by the latter to the U. S. Vice Consul of that Port.

[Guerrero to Castro regarding Frémont]

[Castro, Documentos para la Historia de California, II, 79. Bancroft Library.]

[Original]

Sub-Prefectura
del 2° Distrito

Con esta fha he recibido del Jues de Sonoma la comunicación siguiente. "El neofito Antonio vecino del Pueblo de S. José Guad^e., se ha presentado en este de mi cargo y ha dado el parte siguiente—Que hallandose él con dos compañeros en un rancho q^e. se halla al norte del Est°. del Sacramento de sirbiente de Don Francisco Day vecino de Monterey, fué el y sus dos compañeros conbidados por un estrangero dueño de un rancho de esa inmediacion, donde bibe un herrero llamado Pedro, donde hubo una fiesta ó conbite dado por el Cap^n. delos E. U. del N. Don J. C. Frémont ála gente q^e. este tenia reunida y sobre las armas q^e. hera el N°. de docientos honbres Estrang^s. inclusos algunos Soldados del pabellon del Sor. Micheltorena, y q^e. saben estos mismos q^e. aquella reunion de gente se hacia con el fin de hir á caer á Monterey y robar á todos los dueños de ranchos—Que tambien vio q^e. concluido q^e. fué el combite salió el referido Cap^n. Fremont con cincuenta hombres p^a. el rumbo dela Columbia con el objeto de traer indios de aquellos tribus p^a. engruesar sus filas y poner á efecto la empresa de tomar Monterrey y hacer el robo de los bienes del pais q^e. era el plan q^e. tenian — Tambien me ha dado cuenta el Referido Antonio q^e. uno de sus compañeros fué muerto en el tpo. del combite, de un pistoletazo q^e. le dió el herrero Pedro espresado, á causa de querer dho Pedro quitar al q^e. murió una muger gentila q^e. este tenia, y por temor q^e. tubo dho Antonio al manejo de esta gente salió hullendo de donde estaba dejando tirada á su muger y demas propiedades"-

Y lo comunico á V. S. p^a. los fines conbinientes, habiendo mandado contener al q^e. dió este parte hasta no esperar la contestacion de V. S. ofreciendose las conside^s. de mi distinguido aprecio.

Dios y Libert^d. Yerbabuena Mayo 6. de 1846.

FRAN^CO. GUERRERO

[Rubric]

Sor. Prefecto del 2°. Distrito
Don Manuel Castro—

[Translation]

Sub-prefecture
of the 2d District.

On this date I received from the Judge of Sonoma the following communication.

"The neophyte Antonio, citizen of the pueblo of San José de Guadalupe, presented himself in this pueblo of my charge and gave the following information — That, being with two companions on a ranch situated north of the Establishment of the Sacramento as a servant of Don Francisco Day, citizen of Monterey, he and his two companions were invited by a foreigner, owner of a ranch in that vicinity, where a blacksmith named Pedro lives, where there was a fiesta or party given by the Captain of the United States of the North, Don J. C. Frémont, to the men whom he had gathered together and under arms, to the number of two hundred foreigners, including some soldiers under the banner of Señor Micheltorena, and that these last knew that that gathering of men was made with the object of going to fall upon Monterey and rob all the owners of ranches — [He also related] that after the conclusion of the party the aforesaid Captain Frémont set out with fifty men in the direction of the Columbia, with the object of bringing Indians of those tribes to reenforce his ranks and put in effect the plan to take Monterey and steal the property of the country, which was the plan that they had. — The said Antonio also recounted to me that one of his companions was killed at the time of the party by a pistol wound given him by the aforesaid blacksmith, because the said Pedro wished to take from the one who died a heathen Indian woman whom the latter had, and because the said Antonio was afraid of the conduct of these people he fled from where he was, leaving his wife and other property abandoned."

I communicate this to Your Worship for the necessary purposes, having ordered the one who brought the report put under restraint until a reply is received from you. I offer the assurances of my distinguished esteem.

God and Liberty. Yerba Buena May 6, 1846.

FRANCISCO GUERRERO

[Rubric]

Señor Prefect of the 2d District
Don Manuel Castro.

BOOK REVIEWS

An Appreciation of James Wood Coffroth. Written for his son James W. Coffroth by Edward F. O'Day and printed by John Henry Nash. The portrait is by William H. Wilke. San Francisco, 1926. 7+65 pp. One illustration. 4°.

James Wood Coffroth, born in Pennsylvania in 1829, was a descendant of German settlers who had come to the colonies about the middle of the eighteenth century, and becoming staunch Americans had fought in the Revolution and in the War of 1812.

Coffroth left his home when fourteen years of age and went to Harrisburg, where he was apprenticed to a printer. His natural endowments were unusual, and presently yielding to the spirit of progress that ever dominated him, he went to the larger field of Philadelphia. He engaged in work on the *Spirit of the Times*, and soon thereafter while yet very young he went to the Mexican War in 1846, as army correspondent. Upon his return he became chief editor of his paper and later purchased in it a half interest. He had read and studied deeply and having thus strengthened his native abilities he was amply endowed for the active and busy career of his brief life.

California was the great lode-stone for all active and adventurous young men and in 1850 we find Coffroth not unnaturally in San Francisco. He was then twenty-one years of age. His experiences in the mines were not extensive and, moreover, he had been trained in the very different school of journalism. In 1851, he became a writer on the *Sonora Herald*. From 1851 to 1857, the scene of his many activities was in Columbia. He was a natural orator, forceful and eloquent, and distinguished as such even in an age when oratory was yet among the fine arts. One of his numerous successful accomplishments was the work he did to bring to successful completion the project of the Columbia and Stanislaus Water Company. Columbia was a stormy center and the difficulties were many.

Coffroth's political life began in 1851. He was elected to the Assembly by the Democratic party. In 1852 he was identified conspicuously with the passage of the "Sole Trader Bill," which was a measure of importance in the legislature of 1852. His political acquaintances were many and prominent and he was a valiant supporter of David C. Broderick. He was state senator in 1853, 1854, 1856 and 1857.

With his logical mind and fine oratorical powers it was but inevitable that James W. Coffroth should enter the legal fraternity. He read

law and passed the Supreme Court examinations for California, and in 1860, while in Washington, upon motion of Stephen A. Douglas, he was admitted to practice law in the Supreme Court of the United States. Columbia was declining and about 1860 he removed to the greater field of Sacramento. He practiced chiefly criminal law, but in this as in his civil cases he exhibited a deep knowledge of the law, a clear and forceful logic, and his graceful and brilliant eloquence that gained for him the respect and admiration of the great jurists of his time. He died in Sacramento, October 9, 1872.

In the career of this man it is impressive that James Wood Coffroth could have accomplished so much in a period so brief, for his activities were comprehended within the span of a quarter-century. But his was the true pioneer character — dominant, self-reliant and unafraid.

In his essay, Mr. O'Day has revealed the spirit of the man and has portrayed it intimately. Vivid details of the early history of Tuolumne and obscure and long forgotten events have been brought forth with concise clearness. The work is printed in Mr. Nash's most acceptable style, and the frontispiece portrait by William H. Wilke is a drawing of much merit. It is the fitting tribute of a son to a father worthy of memory.

ROBERT ERNEST COWAN.

When the West Was Young. By Frederick R. Bechdolt. New York: The Century Company, 1922. 309 pp. with authorities and bibliography. One illustration. 8°.

'49. A Novel of Gold. By George W. Cronyn. Philadelphia: Dorrance and Company, 1925. 278 pp. 8°.

Days of '49. By Gordon Young. New York: George H. Doran Company, 1925. 425 pp., including appendix. 8°.

Here are three books drawn from that never-failing source of romance, the Days of Forty-nine and the early Fifties. To the uninitiated, parts of the books may seem melodramatic, yet no extravagant tale surpasses the known facts of sober history. Indeed, the most melodramatic of the three gives chapter and page of the historic source of each wild story. As Bayard Taylor wrote in *El Dorado*, "It was a time when one had to pinch one's self, to make sure that one was awake."

The eleven stories of Mr. Bechdolt's book are not cast in the form of fiction. They need no artificial details to make them thrillers. Imagination could scarcely conceive episodes more powerful to stir the blood. Frontiersmen, soldiers, miners, Indians, settlers, cowboys, desperadoes, gamblers, stage-drivers and pony-express riders crowd the

pages, live heartily and die courageously, most of them with their boots on. "Boothill," on the outskirts of every settlement, was their place of interment.

Mr. Bechdolt contends that neither desire for land nor greed for gold sent these men forth from the east and south, to be pioneers in the west; but the Spirit of Adventure drove them and "the Red Gods called."

> "He must go—go—go away from here,
> On the other side of the world he's overdue,
> 'Send your road is clear before you
> When the old Spring-fret comes o'er you
> And the Red Gods call for you."

To follow their Gleam, they waged war against Comanche, Apache, Mexican and desperado; they burned on dusty plains; they froze in Sierra snows; they thirsted in the desert and hungered in the lonely gulches. The men of strong hearts and enduring bodies were sifted out. The survivors were courageous to their last breath. When necessary they fought against long odds; one against ten, five against two hundred, fifty against fifteen hundred, and survived to fight again. Sometimes their cause was righteous; sometimes it was not. In both cases they fought with equal desperation.

Two chapters of this book tell how Tombstone, Arizona, and Death Valley got their names. A third explains why Murieta's hand was against every man and, while we shudder at his crimes, we almost absolve him for the wrongs he suffered.

The story of the Overland Mail, which includes pony-express and stage-coach days, throbs with excitement. Each one of the eleven chapters is a stirring, well-told tale of our nation's western history.

Though Mr. Cronyn's book is fiction, it is as true to history in its spirit as Mr. Bechdolt's. This Novel of Gold makes the days of Forty-nine to live again in vivid pictures of the Bay and the mushroom city upon its shores, of mountains and mining settlements, of raging blizzards and streams at flood, yet the outer aspects of life and the country have less importance in the book than motives, the inner significance of acts and their far-reaching results. It is a tale of the development of a young New Englander, fresh from Puritan training and the country where black was black and white was white and there were no shades between. Set down in California in the early days of gold, where he was to find virtues and vices clasping each other within the same breast, honor among gamblers, generosity among courtesans, kindliness among those who appeared to be desperate villains — such a man found himself bewildered and his sharply-cut and rigid lines between right and

wrong strangely wavering. But the root of the matter was in him. Transplanted, he broadened and deepened in character as he could not have done in his native Vermont. California got into his blood, and when he saw triflers, even the vicious, keyed up to noble deeds, the rough corners of his life, molded by Puritan ancestry, were softened and worn away. " 'My pard,' said Sid, 'is going to make a man! Take New England fibre and season it up a bit with western freedom and you've got timber for the building of a nation'."

The third book, Days of '49, by Gordon Young, is fiction also, but like the Novel of Gold, with historical background. It depicts realistic, if not real, scenes. One wonders if at any time there was that unreasoning prejudice flaunted against the Spanish Californians by the newly-arrived Americans which is described in this volume, but we know how contagious is mob spirit and from how small a spark the fire can be kindled. Lese-majesty is a crime not alone of monarchies. Democracies are as loth to be criticised and sometimes retaliate as cruelly. The loud shouts of one hundred per cent. Americanism, with which a man today bolsters up his unsure position, were heard then as now. The few American pioneers of the Forties and before, and those who flocked here after 1849, were, on the whole, a fine body of men; but there is no blinking the fact that after American occupation there were deeds committed which should bar us from self-complacency. Indians were treated atrociously, the hospitality of the Spaniards was abused and, though many of the Californians of Spanish blood welcomed the establishment of American government in California, when later deprived of their vast holdings by American-made laws, with fortunes diminished to the vanishing point, they must have rued the day and the occasion which brought the Gringo here.

The clash between the two races has much to do with this story, while the scenes shift rapidly from San Francisco to rancho, to the mining camps and back to the city. The characters are many, but sharply defined, and the story moves swiftly from one dramatic situation to another.

The brief foreword of the book is a quotation from Josiah Royce. It closes with these words, pertinent alike to the three volumes: "Early California history is not for babes, nor for sentimentalists; but in its manly wickedness is full of the strength that, on occasion, freely converts itself into admirable moral heroism."

The appendix of The Days of '49 consists of thirty-two pages of quotations which are the historic foundations upon which the main incidents of the story are based. De Mofras, Josiah Royce, Theodore and John Hittell, William Redmond Ryan, the Shirley Letters, Soulé's

Annals of San Francisco, Edwin Bryant, Bishop Taylor and Zoeth Eldredge are among the many sources quoted.

Kipling said recently that "Fiction is Truth's Elder Sister and no one in the world knows what truth is until someone has told a story." It is probably true that these three books, carefully based as they are on historic sources, present veracious pictures of California and adjacent states in the early mining days, and are truthful relations of the growth of law in a country without formal law and its final firm establishment, and of the welding of the motley first-comers into a Social Order.

HELEN THROOP PURDY.

Place Names of the High Sierra. By Francis P. Farquhar. San Francisco: The Sierra Club, 1926. x+128 pp. 8°.

To the Sierra Nevada, California owes her varied climate, most of her gold mines, two of her greatest rivers, much of her timber and water resources, her isolated and unique position on the globe, and that period of her history centering about the gold rush.

Correspondingly the snow-capped Sierra furnish the background of a literature which found its finest expression in the works of Mark Twain, Bret Harte and John Muir, and of a development in art that reached its pinnacle in the canvases of William Keith and Thomas Hill.

Another virtue of these great mountains — one not so easily estimated — is their effect upon the life and character of the people. As a recreation ground for the enjoyment of nature and the spiritual strengthening of character, the Sierra Nevada are both locally and internationally preeminent.

Mr. Farquhar's book is a reflection of this modern spirit of exploration and real enjoyment of the outdoors. It is sponsored by the Sierra Club in whose *Bulletin* it first appeared. In its present form it is revised and greatly augmented. It has been given the form of a concise, well organized subject-index of Sierran names from the region north of the Yosemite to the country south of Mount Whitney. The amount of original historical matter and mountain lore it contains is surprisingly large, a good deal of information being gathered from correspondence and conversation with individuals whose records are here for the first time put into print.

Under the alphabetical list of place names are included brief biographies of persons for whom points are named, and a list of supplementary biographies includes important names not recorded among the peaks, passes, lakes, rivers, cañons, glaciers, groves and meadows of the Sierra. Appended also is a valuable list of source maps.

No maps or illustrations accompany the text but a sufficient map index is furnished in the bracketed references to U. S. G. S. topographic sheets giving the quadrangle upon which each place name may be found.

The work is a model of conciseness and accuracy and is a step forward in knowledge of the history and geography of California.

CHARLES L. CAMP.

Hetch Hetchy, The Story of San Francisco's Struggle to Provide a Water Supply for Her Future Needs. By Ray W. Taylor. San Francisco: Ricardo J. Orozco, 1926. 199 pp. Illustrated.

In this volume, Mr. Taylor, a well-known San Francisco newspaperman, who has spent many years studying the water supply problem of San Francisco, discusses in detail, from the historical point of view, the development and present status of the plan to secure the use of the Hetch Hetchy Valley and the waters of Tuolumne River for that city. Commencing with the Indian myth of dry land across the Golden Gate, he shows how San Francisco's peninsular location has served to complicate the problem of bringing water to its inhabitants, and he pictures the early efforts of various companies to utilize first the "Mountain Lake" near the Presidio, then Lobos Creek, and later the valleys of the great earthquake rift on the peninsula to the south.

The political struggles of the "Seventies," which had as their chief arena this very City, left a bitterness between the people and the company which furnished them with water that has as yet scarcely abated. These early struggles and turgid bickerings led to the search for a source of water supply independent of the Spring Valley Water Company, which, under the guiding genius of a remarkable engineer, Hermann Schussler, had acquired all the available local supplies.

As early as 1894 the Hetch Hetchy Valley near the Yosemite had been suggested, and by 1900 many city officials were convinced of its practicability and desirability as such a source. Mayor Phelan zealously championed the proposal, and City Engineers Grunsky and Manson labored for years upon it. Eminent engineers were called in; the Rolph and O'Shaughnessy regimes began; nature lovers, conservationists and others were roused to opposition; four Secretaries of the Interior failed to follow the City's desires — though Mr. Garfield did grant a rather dubious permit — and finally Congress was appealed to directly, with the so-called Raker Act as the result. This Act gives to the City the right to construct dams and roads and to use the water of the Tuolumne River on certain very drastic conditions which were

included to protect the government and the inhabitants of the San Joaquin Valley tributary to the Tuolumne watershed. Of all this — and the material results now accomplished — Mr. Taylor writes. Citation of sources is generally included, and the book should prove a welcome addition to any library on California's water resources and supply.

CARL I. WHEAT.

NEW MEMBERS

Since the publication of the last *Quarterly,* Mr. W. B. Bourn has been transferred from active to patron membership and the following new members have been elected:

PATRON

Bourn, Mrs. W. B., San Mateo.
Crocker, Mrs. W. H., Burlingame.

ACTIVE

Angellotti, Mrs. F. M., San Rafael.
Bucknall, Mrs. George J., San Francisco.
Curry, Mrs. C. E., San Francisco.
Guggenhime, Berthold, San Francisco.
Mack, Harold L., San Francisco.
McCarthy, J. Harvey, Los Angeles.
McLaughlin, Mrs. Alfred, San Francisco.
Observatory Parlor No. 177, N. S. G. W., San Jose.
Prudhomme, Charles J. (Don Carlos Prudon), Los Angeles.
Stewart, James D., Auburn.
Vowinkle, Henry, San Francisco.
Whitsell, Leon O., San Francisco.
Wilbur, Mrs. Van Rensselaer, Long Beach.